

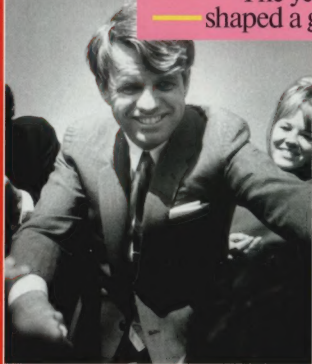
JANUARY 11, 1988

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# TIME

# 1968

— The year that —  
— shaped a generation —



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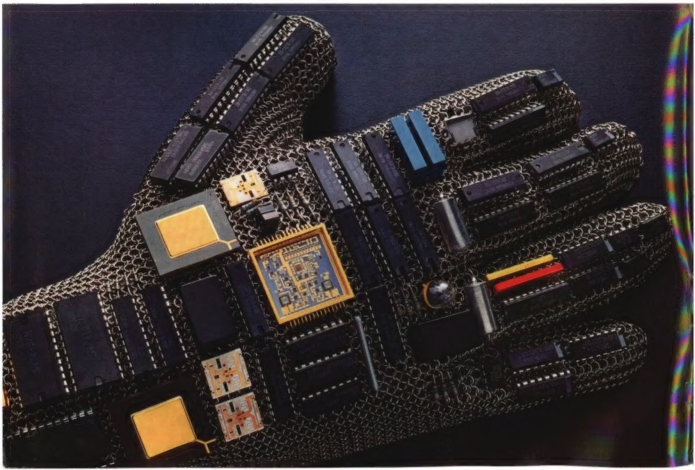
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## COVER: After 20 years, the apocalyptic events of 1968 are still reverberating 16

Like a knife blade, the year of riot and revolution severed the U.S. from its triumphant optimism, exposing a confused, divided country that was fighting a war it could not win. The dramas of 1968 shaped the world we know today: heroes were gunned down, the Soviets trampled Prague's spring, Richard Nixon was elected, and man for the first time orbited the moon. See NATION.



## WORLD: Israel counters a wave of Arab violence with trials and a troop buildup 38

Following some of the worst rioting in its occupied territories in 20 years, the army dispenses quick justice in military courts and beefs up its patrols. ► Gulf nations meet to coordinate defense in the widening tanker war. ► Soviet and Afghan troops mount a desperate effort to save the strategic town of Khost from a rebel siege. ► Northern Ireland ends another year of sectarian strife.



## BUSINESS: Profits ahoy! The cruise-line industry is growing at flank speed again 54

The ocean liner, no longer just a luxury conveyance, has evolved into a floating amusement park, health spa and classroom. Roughly 1.5 million North Americans took cruises in 1982; by 1987 that figure had doubled. ► Financial markets gyrate as anxieties over the economy rise. ► Suitors press \$3 billion bids on a bankrupt drug company. ► Outlawing a three-wheeler.



### 28

#### Nation

Citing a dangerous Soviet edge, the U.S. resumes production of nerve-gas weapons. ► Congress expands the 65-m.p.h. limit.

### 64

#### Technology

*Glasnost* is nice, but it takes a vast network of satellites, ground stations and seismic detectors to make the world safe for arms control.

### 66

#### Health & Fitness

Get the winter blahs (or summer blues) every year? You may suffer from seasonal affective disorder, appropriately known as SAD.

### 68

#### Music

Beset by crises, U.S. orchestras and opera companies face a major challenge: how to keep their art fresh, vital and alive.

### 8 Letters

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#### 79 Milestones

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#### 86 People

### 71

#### Religion

After a 40-year ban on new churches, Poland bursts with what may be the world's biggest Christian ecclesiastical building boom.

### 74

#### Law

Texas reformers fight the cozy practice of judges getting campaign funds from lawyers. ► The people's judge writes a book.

### 80

#### Cinema

In a boom season for laughs, moviegoers queue up to see *3 Men and a Baby* and the New Year's brightest comedy, *Moonstruck*.

### 82

#### Profile

Meet an amiable whale named John Madden, who mints money with his wham-bam football commentary and a slew of TV commercials.

#### Cover:

Photograph of U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam by A.P. Janis Joplin by David Gahr, Coretta King by Bob Fitch—Black Star, and Robert Kennedy by Steve Schapiro—Black Star



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## A Letter from the Publisher

"I remember practically every hour of 1968," says Senior Writer Lance Morrow, who wrote this week's cover story. "I was 28 years old then, and writing in TIME's Nation section, doing pieces about Bobby Kennedy's coming into the race, and Johnson's withdrawing, and the assassinations. It was tragic history, but it also had a quality of hallucination."

Morrow traveled to Chicago to cover the Democratic Convention. Stepping out of the Hilton Hotel into the battle between police and demonstrators on Michigan Avenue, he was charged by a Chicago cop with billy club raised. "He was about to go for my skull," Morrow says. "I held up my press credentials, like a ridiculous little shield. He thought for a long second, then shouldered me back through the glass doors of the hotel."

Nation Editor Walter Isaacson, though only a high school student at the time, was also in Chicago for the convention. Much to his parents' consternation, he had traveled there from his hometown of New Orleans. Only later would he learn that his parents had asked friends in the Louisiana delegation to keep an eye on their 16-year-old son. "I had the feeling it was going to be a historic event and wanted to be there," says Isaacson. "My feelings about the world, like those of many people my age, were shaped considerably by the events of 1968."



Senior Writer Morrow in summer of '68

Correspondent Don Winbush, who was also a teenager at the time, remembers most vividly the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. "For me, a young black man who had grown up in the South, it was a stunning blow," says Winbush. Reporter-Researcher Anne Hopkins finds June 5 to be the day that continues to haunt. Turning on the radio as she awoke that morning, she learned that Robert Kennedy had been shot. "As I began to absorb what was happening, the phone rang," she says. "It was my mother, calling to sing *Happy Birthday* to me."

For Correspondent Hays Gorey, who covered the Kennedy campaign, the details of that tragedy will never fade. Eerily, just days earlier in San Francisco, firecrackers had gone off, causing reporters to worry about the candidate's safety. Gorey remembers Kennedy's response: "If someone wants to get me, I guess he will." On the night of the California primary, Gorey was walking toward Kennedy when the candidate was cut down in the pantry of a Los Angeles hotel. "I heard these *pop-pop-pop* sounds like firecrackers," Gorey says. "But instinctively you knew this time it was the real thing."

Robert L. Miller

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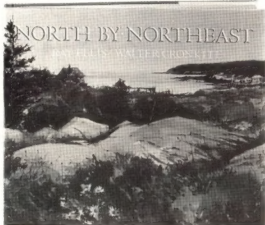
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## HOLD ON TO THE PROMISE.

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## Letters

### Hungry Ethiopia

To the Editors:

Amid the frenzy of Christmastime shopping, I was haunted by the image of the Ethiopian mother cradling her starving child (WORLD, Dec. 21). This is not the madonna-and-child image we have come to expect at this time of year.

J. Randall Cotton  
Wallingford, Pa.



There will be many pictures of cover girls in varying degrees of disarray seeking our attention during this Christmas season. Will any of them speak to the human heart as deeply as the forlorn woman on your cover?

Mary Boyan  
New Rochelle, N.Y.

It is wrong to spend tax dollars on storing agricultural surpluses when the food could be used to save lives. If we sent those surpluses to places like Ethiopia, the farmers in this country could get back to doing what they do best: raising food for the hungry.

LaVonne Nicolai  
Farmington, Minn.

I was dismayed that you did not address the population problem as the root of Africa's recurring famine. While the situation in Ethiopia can be blamed on lack of rain, persistent insurgency and a corrupt government, these are simply the symptoms not the cause. Ethiopia needs more than emergency food; it needs a draconian birth control program. If Africa allows its current birth rate to continue, many nations on that continent will soon be huge feeding camps. These people deserve more than a life spent squatting in the sun waiting for a handful of Western grain.

Paul H. McDowell  
Boston

The world press has been too willing to overlook the human rights atrocities perpetrated by the Mengistu government.

A number of us in Congress are working to pressure the Ethiopian regime to allow its people access to donated food from the West. Your coverage of this ongoing tragedy brings us one step closer toward ending this senseless abomination.

Toby Roth, U.S. Representative  
Eighth District, Wisconsin  
Washington

It is no mystery why Ethiopia is once again being stalked by famine and mass starvation. At the turn of the century, 40% of the country was blanketed by tropical evergreen and deciduous forest. Today that figure has been reduced to 4%.

Clifton Wellman  
New York City

### Coke for Breakfast

After reading your report on Coca-Cola's efforts to promote its product as a breakfast drink (ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Dec. 14), I was willing to bet that TIME does not have a Southerner on its staff. If it did, you would know that the only way to start the day is with a cold Coke. Coke wakes you up, starts your morning off right, and is easier to carry than coffee.

Sandy Norman  
Providence

TIME does have several Southerners on its staff. For breakfast they wash down grits with chicory-laced coffee.

### Haiti's Bloody Ballet

Finally, Haitians have the courage to vote in a democratic election, only to be massacred at the polling booth (WORLD, Dec. 14). When will that nation's junta be satisfied? When there is no one left to be ruled in the country?

Rita Dhar  
Harleysville, Pa.

Haiti's problems will go unsolved until the last remnants of the ousted Duvalier regime have been liquidated. Meanwhile, Haitians will have to live in fear.

Alain Olivier  
St. Léonard, Que.

The Reagan Administration is either hypocritical or totally ignorant of the Duvalierists' mentality if it expects those responsible for the election violence to be prosecuted and punished by the current regime. Too often the U.S. has neglected Haiti because it has kept Communism at arm's length. But if Tonton Macoutes and dictators are the price that must be paid for Haiti's commitment to democracy, then something is very, very wrong.

Guy G. Crèvecoeur  
Nashville

### Treaty Aftermath

In your story on the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty (NATION, Dec. 14), you say that until the U.S. and

the U.S.S.R. settle the glaring imbalance in human rights, that will continue to be a major stumbling block in U.S.-Soviet relations. Never in the history of the Russian people have they enjoyed human rights as we know them, so why blame the current regime for continuing an age-old tradition? Americans and Soviets must accept each other's concept of freedom and go on to agree on mutual nuclear disarmament, which is of more concern to the world.

Sir Hirji Jehangir  
Bombay

In spite of the elimination of intermediate- and shorter-range missiles, as agreed to in the treaty just signed by President Reagan and Soviet General Secretary Gorbachev, I believe NATO is still capable of being a deterrent. As a soldier stationed in Europe, I am most concerned about the ongoing war in the Middle East. If Iran has been able to obtain Chinese-made Silkworm missiles, who knows what new weapon may appear next? The U.S. and the Soviet Union are not alone in the world of nuclear nightmares.

Brett T. Schoen  
Garlsstedt, West Germany

Although Reagan claims that the U.S. nuclear-arms buildup has made the world a more secure place, I know of no one who did not breathe a sigh of relief when he and Gorbachev signed the INF treaty.

Archie F.M. Gillis  
Toronto

In all the discussion about the INF agreement, you have ignored a basic point. What would the Soviet Union gain from an attack against any Western country? What would Gorbachev do with these areas after he had subdued them? There is only one circumstance that would provoke a Soviet nuclear attack, and that is the fear of a similar strike on the Soviet Union. Gorbachev is not a madman. The U.S. should make every effort to convince him that he need not fear such a possibility.

Malcolm A. MacDonald  
Ottawa

### Nancy and Raisa

Who cares whether Nancy Reagan and Raisa Gorbachev like each other (NATION, Dec. 21)? Who cares that they are not destined to become bosom buddies? As political wives, both women are professional enough to know they have to work with all types. The media's obsession with their relationship highlights a uniquely American characteristic: the desire to be liked and to like others in return.

Susan Lightstone  
Ottawa

This past October, Nancy Reagan experienced two traumatic events. She underwent surgery for breast cancer and then

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## Letters

days later lost her mother. I would say she rose to the occasion and did a splendid job as hostess to the Gorbachevs. I give her an A-plus just for being there.

*Rosemary Freund  
Bloomington, Ill.*

### Tale of Two Fiddlers

After one of his U.S.O. concerts during World War II, Jascha Heifetz (MILESTONES, Dec. 21) visited with some Army entertainers in Hawaii. You describe the violinist as a cold, dispassionate artist. I remember him laughing heartily, especially when challenged by a country fiddler, who played a loud, lively medley while holding his violin behind his back, between his legs and on top of his head. Heifetz either could not or would not accept the challenge.

*Joe Coogan  
Philadelphia*

### Battered Spouses

Your article on domestic violence (BEHAVIOR, Dec. 21) states that women are unlikely to inflict much damage on men because wives are generally smaller. Yet in my experience as an emergency-room physician, I treated more men than women for such injuries, perhaps because a woman is more likely to use a weapon. I have seen men cut with an ax, scalded with hot water, smashed with a fireplace poker and knocked out by a brick, not to mention suffering the common gunshot wound. One incident involved a woman who walked into the hospital with a broken nose after being punched by her husband during an argument. We set the nasal bones and discharged her. Two hours later her husband was wheeled in. He was admitted with a fractured spine. As soon as she got home she had grabbed him by the lapels and thrown him against the kitchen stove.

*Velimir Svoren, M.D.  
Chatsworth, Ga.*

I am pleased to see that you at least consider the possibility that women batter men. The biblical story of Samson and Delilah didn't come out of thin air. The problem is men are just not organized. But wait; they will be.

*William J. Marinucci  
Los Angeles*

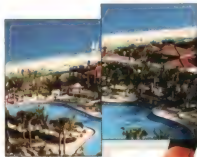
One well-to-do wife I know of turned the tables on her husband. After suffering repeated beatings, she waited until he fell asleep one night, sewed him in the sheets and broke his bones with a baseball bat.

*Barbara Spencer-Powell  
Overland Park, Kans.*

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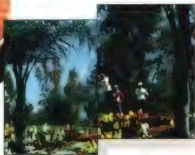
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TIME/JANUARY 11, 1988

COVER STORIES

# 1968

## Like a knife blade, the year severed past from future

By Lance Morrow

In the early months of the year, rivers overflowed their banks. "A spirit of change and recklessness seemed to pervade the very inhabitants of the forest," a naturalist wrote afterward. Squirrels inexplicably marched southward in migration, tens of thousands at a time. They plunged heedlessly into the Ohio River and drowned. Earthquakes reversed the flow of the Mississippi so that its waters surged upstream at the speed of galloping horses. Whole forests fell down, like stacked fields of rifles toppling. A double-tailed comet appeared in the night sky over America.

All of that happened in the annus mirabilis of 1811, a year of wonders.

Twenty years ago, in 1968, America—and much of the world as well—felt the dislocations of another annus mirabilis.

Nineteen sixty-eight had the vibrations of earthquake about it. America shuddered. History cracked open: bats came flapping out, dark surprises. American culture and politics ventured into dangerous and experimental regions: uplands of new enlightenments, some people thought, and quagmires of the id. The year was pivotal and messy. It produced vivid theater. It reverberates still in the American mind.

Nineteen sixty-eight was tragedy and horrific entertainment: deaths of heroes, uprisings, suppressions, the end of dreams, blood in the streets of Chicago and Paris and Saigon, and at last, at Christmastime, man for the first time floating around the moon.

One is sometimes incredulous now at 1968, not only at the astonishing sequence of events but at the intensity, the energy in

the air. People lived their lives, of course. And yet the air of public life seemed to be on fire, and that public fire singed the private self. Revolutionary bombast gusted across the wake of elegy for something in America that had got lost, some sense of national innocence and virtue. More than in ordinary times, people thought about death, about spiritual fulfillment, and about transfiguration.

The nation pulsed with music and proclamation, with rages and moral pretensions. "This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius," sang the cast of *Hair*, which came to Broadway in April. Janis Joplin expressed one side of the year fairly well: ecstatic and self-destructive simultaneously, wailing to the edges of the universe, flirting with the abyss. Joplin, who died of a heroin overdose in 1970, memorably sang *Me and Bobbie McGee*, the 1969 Kris Kristofferson song that contained a perfect line of 1968 philosophy. "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose."

But driving across Indiana in early May 1968, searching for Bobby Kennedy's whistle-stop campaign, one heard another chord as well—Paul Simon's wistful note of disconnection: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you."

Rowan and Martin's TV *Laugh-In* domesticated chaos into snippets. It flashed absurdities, like vaudeville on amphetamines—Goldie Hawn dancing in body paint, Tiny Tim tiptoeing through the tulips. *Laugh-In* gave the nation "You bet your sweet bippy!" and "Sock it to me!" a line that Republican Candidate Richard Nixon, among other celebrities, recited in three seconds of network time





**THE THEATER OF RAGE** The Chicago convention dramatized America's war with itself. The American id thrashed up into view, a spectacle of gaiety and despair



in September. (In deference to his dignity, Nixon was spared the customary dousing with a bucket of water.) The Rolling Stones snarled about the *Street Fighting Man*. Never before had an annus mirabilis transpired before the television cameras in Marshall McLuhan's global village: the drama played to a capacity house, the audience of mankind.

Those over the age of 30 carry much of 1968 in the memory, an indelible collage of photographs, television footage, private scenes of where-I-was-when-I-heard-the-news. A year as graphic as an afternoon dream:

► During the Tet offensive in Saigon, the police chief's arm in profile that draws a straight line through his trigger finger and by the leap of the bullet into the fear-rigid Viet Cong's brain: a crisp extinction. The weird surprise of death, the pop into non-being. In the TV version, the man falls like a short tree and his head pours neat but urgent blood upon the street, as from a vial.

► Sad-jowled Lyndon Johnson at the end of March, peering out at America, through the close-up on a grainy black-and-white television screen: "According-

ly, I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President." The nation stunned, astonished, and millions of the young performing backflips.

► A Memphis motel balcony, blacks standing over a fallen black man, their faces abruptly up and their fingers stabbing the air, indicting the air, along the line the shot had taken, as if the trajectory of their fingers' aim could bore back through the air to the assassin.

► The dark smoke of riots hanging over the Washington skyline—smoke giddy with looting and circus, but at last completely rational: a sort of clarity of bitterness.

► The sudden sense of vacancy, of eternity, in Robert Kennedy's eyes as he lay on the floor of the Los Angeles hotel pantry. That vacancy, almost exactly halfway through the year, seemed to break the year's back. Nothing good, one thought, could happen after that.

► Chicago policemen as big as beer trucks thundering through tear-gas-poisoned air and clubbing with nightsticks. The answering, taunting obscenities and rage,

and after that the McLuhan-wise chorus from those being clubbed: "The whole world is watching!" Then, through the death stench of the Chicago stockyards, inside the Democratic Convention, Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff on the podium denouncing the "gestapo tactics" of the police, and down on the floor, in the Illinois delegation, Mayor Richard Daley, face contorted, screaming at Ribicoff. TV's nation of lip-readers thought they saw Daley emit the words: "F— you, you Jew son of a bitch.... Go home!" Daley later said he never used language like that. In any case, a century of back-room politics died at that instant.

**O**n and on. Nineteen sixty-eight was a perverse genius of a year: a masterpiece of shattering. The year had heroic historical size, and everything except Tiny Tim's falsetto seemed momentous. Temperaments grew addicted to apocalypse. The printer's ink from the papers that announced it all would smudge and smudge the fingers: history every day dirtied the hands.

Some of the events of the year—the

## THE EVENTS OF 1968

Jan. 22 *Rene & Marjoe* launch in TV series begins  
Jan. 23 U.S.S. *Pueblo* captured by North Korea  
Jan. 30 Viet Cong launch the Tet offensive

Feb. 12 *Soul on Ice* by Imamu Amiri Baraka published  
March 12 Eugene McCarthy wins 42% of the vote in N.H. Democratic primary

March 21 J.B. J. announces he will not run for President  
April 4 Martin Luther King Jr. assassinated  
April 23 Columbia students seize university buildings

April 29 *Har* opens on Broadway  
May 10 367 injured in Paris rioting

June 1 *Mrs. Robinson No. 1* on the music charts  
June 6 Robert Kennedy assassinated

June 10 Poor People's march in Washington

January

February

March

April

May

June



WILLIAM H. PETERSON



AP/WIDE WORLD

**VIET NAM** The war was a crisp extinction at Tet and America's dark hallucination, a black magic that destroyed the young, and the President

starvation in Biafra, for example, or the seizure of the American intelligence ship *Pueblo*—might have occurred in some other year. The events were significant but not central to the drama. For the essential 1968 was mythic. It proceeded chaotically and yet finally had the coherence and force of tragedy. And if it was the end of some things (of the civil rights movement, of Lyndon Johnson's generous social vision, of the liberals' hope to keep government on its trajectory), it prepared the way for other beginnings: the women's movement, the environmental movement, the complex reverberant life that the '60s would have in the American mind long after the melodrama was over and those previously on fire went to tend their gardens.

Nineteen sixty-eight was a knife blade that severed past from future. Then from Now: the Then of triumphant post-war American power in the world, the Then of the nation's illusions of innocence and virtue, from the more complicated Now that began when the U.S. saw that it was losing a war it should not have been fighting in the first place, when the huge

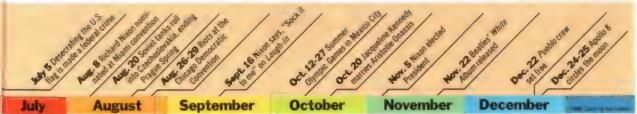
tribe of the young revolted against the nation's elders and authority, and when the nation finished killing its heroes. The old Then meant an American exceptionalism, the divine dispensation that the nation thought it enjoyed in the world. In 1968 the American exceptionalism perished, but it was reborn in a generational exceptionalism—the divine dispensation thought to be granted to the children of the great baby boom. The young were special, even sacred, in the way that America once was special and sacred. American innocence and virtue found new forms, new skins.

**T**he great size of the baby boom generation also encouraged a sort of subliminal illusion. When time flows from father to son, from past through present into future, the generations have their orderly procession, moving vertically through time. But it was a metaphysical conceit of the baby boomers that the present expanded horizontally, into a kind of earthly eternity. "We want the world, and we want it now!" In the great collision of the generations, the

young created their own world, a "counter culture" as Historian Theodore Roszak first called it, and endowed it with the significances and pseudo profundities of a New World. No one had ever had sex before. No one had ever had the Dionysian music, the sacramental drugs, the world struggling back to its protomagical state.

In the extravagant, dangerous, ridiculous garden of the '60s, when the young were "forever young," as Bob Dylan's later anthem said, fierce and primal juices fired through the nerves. Complexity fell away. Deferrals of pleasure and deferences to age, the old Confucian virtues that had made their way into America through the Protestant ethic, blew away at the concussion of youth. "Don't trust anyone over 30" became the slogan of the conspiracy.

It was a moment, 1968, that mysteriously stepped outside of time, one that was forever bringing the young to dimensions of eternity and the sacred: the boy-soldiers in Viet Nam were connected to death, the heroes to their own cessations, cut down in the prime of their youth and work. Part of the power of the year de-





rives from the mystery of all the possibilities that vanished into death and nothingness. (In October there came an odd, minor coda to the sex and death and disillusion of the '60s, when Jacqueline Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis. Illusion—Camelot and the rest—came to disillusion, a passage that was a major theme of 1968.)

Anthropologists speak of the origin myths of tribes. The children of the post-World War II baby boom, 76 million of them, were—and in ways, still are—an enormous tribe. The year 1968 represents the origin myth of that tribe.

## The Tet Offensive

**M**ore than any other force, the war in Viet Nam alienated the American young from their elders—and, in equally tragic ways, from one another. The war was the dark hallucination, the black magic that would come and take the young and bear them off to the other side of the world and destroy them, for reasons progressively more obscure. Lyndon Johnson had campaigned for the White House in 1964 by promising that "we are not about to send American boys 10,000 miles away to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves," but he ended by treating the war as a crusade for freedom and squandering his presidency and his country on it.

By the beginning of 1968, almost 16,000 Americans had been killed in Viet Nam and more than 100,000 wounded. During that time the war in Viet Nam became a gathering presence in American life. History obeyed Newton's Third Law of Motion: for every U.S. action in Viet Nam, there came a (seemingly) equal and opposite reaction back home. America internalized the war, as if it had swallowed fire. In the fall of 1967, 35,000 demonstrators had marched on the Pentagon and in the hip-mystic style had attempted with chants to levitate the palace of the war machine. Draft resistance had become a conspicuous form of American political theater. Young men burned their draft cards in front of news cameras, the flames licking around the edges of the cardboard in a poetic echo of the televised flame that licked from a Marine's Zippo lighter to torch a Vietnamese hut.



The '60s had their crisp, brutal simplicities, which coexisted in surreal stagecraft with hallucinations and mirages, masterpieces of illusion and self-delusion. Many of the young, for example, cherished (almost autoerotically) the illusion that they were part of "the Revolution," a force of history that would overthrow the power structure in the U.S. And illusion was an indispensable instrument of the war effort: the "body count," for example, or the "light at the end of the tunnel," the longed-for illumination, never seen, that would indicate that victory and salvation were near. At the close of 1967, the official invocation of the light at the end of the tunnel was still ritual. The New York Times, influenced by Government briefings, reported in late December that "military indicators in Viet Nam present the most dramatic and clear-cut evidence of progress in the war since the dark days of 1965."

Then, as often happened in Viet Nam, one murderous mirage overtook another. The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces launched their general offensive during the lunar New Year, called Tet. Militarily, Tet was a defeat for the Communists. But once again in Viet Nam and in the American mind, illusion triumphed over reality. America, and much of the rest of the world, regarded Tet as shocking proof that the war was a disaster for the U.S., unwinnable.

The first unhappy surprise for Americans came at dawn Viet Nam time on Jan. 30, 1968. Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces attacked Da Nang, the second largest city in South Viet Nam, and seven other major towns. Almost 24 hours later, they mounted a wave of near simultaneous attacks throughout South Viet Nam. They hit 36 of the country's 44 provincial capitals. They overran all but a corner of the historic former capital at



MARK RUDD, 40

■ **THEN:** Leader of Students for a Democratic Society at Columbia University, he organized the takeover of several campus buildings, including the president's office, touching off clashes with police. Later he became a fugitive member of the radical Weatherman. ■ **NOW:** Rudd surrendered to authorities in 1977, was placed on probation, then taught at a trade school in New Mexico. He lives in Albuquerque, working on a book about the

1960s. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "I'm angrier now than I was during Viet Nam. I've seen the same thing happening for 25 years: our country trying to maintain control of other countries. I'm still an activist, working against things like our involvement in Central America."



ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, 52

■ **THEN:** Black Panther revolutionary, author of *Soul on Ice*, his memoirs written while in prison, and Peace and Freedom Party candidate for President. Following a gunfight with Oakland police, he fled the U.S. ■ **NOW:** After living in Cuba, Algeria, North Korea and France, he returned to the U.S. in 1975. He served a sentence of 2,000 hours of community service, briefly became a Republican, then a born-again Christian, and praised American democracy on the college lecture circuit. A writer in Berkeley, he faces a charge of possessing cocaine, and recently held a garage sale to help finance his defense. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "I don't miss the anarchy. But I do miss the innocence and the honesty."



**SEIZURES OF YOUTH** A common impulse swept through the nervous system of a generation, in the U.S. and abroad: deep issues at work, and an Oedipal lèse majesté

Huế. Communists penetrated the heart of Saigon. They attacked the U.S. embassy, the presidential palace, the government radio station. All this was the work of an enemy that the Johnson Administration had reported to be "struggling to stave off military defeat."

The Communists had hoped to use their Tet offensive to provoke a general uprising in the countryside. In that, they failed. They also suffered disastrous casualties. Yet Tet was for them an enormous victory. It turned American opinion decisively against the war. "What the hell is going on?" Walter Cronkite demanded when he heard about the offensive. "I thought we were winning this war."

Tet broke whatever residual spell was left in America's old cold war calls to arms in the name of defending freedom around the globe. America's national morale curdled and began tumbling off into

the unthinkable. The true unthinkable was that "Amerika," as those on the New Left dubbed it, was not merely mistaken or even bad, but evil. The mild unthinkable, entertained probably by most, was that the nation had made a bad mistake. Americans, who love a winner, detest thinking of themselves as losers, and they saw themselves distinctly as losers after Tet. Metaphysically, they may have thought that if America was a loser, God's grace had been withdrawn, or possibly was never there: the entire American idea turned into a fraud.

Viet Nam and Tet reverberate now in American foreign policy and in American psychology about the rest of the world. Ever since, any attempts to assert American force have twitched a neo-isolationist nerve. Only easy knockouts like Grenada seem tolerable, and then only if done so quickly that television has no time to bring the carnage into the house.

But for the experience of Viet Nam, the U.S. might have invaded Nicaragua by now; the threat there is more immediate, the logistics easier. Instead, the battle is waged by proxy, sloppily and tentatively and erratically. "Involvement" and "commitment" have become dangerous words, alive with the demons of 1968.

More broadly, Viet Nam taught America something about its fallibility. The U.S. may have overlearned the lesson, but it is an instruction that at least tends in the right direction. Fighting Viet Nam, the U.S. squandered resources it should have devoted to its real international struggles, against Japan, Germany and other economic competitors, against poverty and other problems at home. Those who took the nation into the fetid business of Viet Nam did not look at the real world and see the real dangers to America, the economic Pearl Harbors.



DANIEL CORN-BENDIT, 42

■ **THEN:** Radical student leader known as "Danny the Red," he inspired street riots that paralyzed Paris at times and spread to Cairo and Karachi. ■ **NOW:** Exiled from France, he carried his politics to Frankfurt, concentrating on local issues like tenant rights. He co-founded an anti-Establishment regional magazine and became active in a relatively moderate faction of West Germany's rebellious Green Party. He ran unsuccessfully for mayor of the city in 1986. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "We had the will to change our lives, to participate in history right at the moment when it happened. Political activism was rich in intensive experiences and produced big dangers and risks."



RON KOVIC, 41

■ **THEN:** A Marine sergeant whose spinal cord was severed by a bullet just before the Tet offensive, leaving him paralyzed below the mid-chest. ■ **NOW:** After leading antiwar protests and being arrested twelve times, he wrote an angry account of his experience (*Born on the Fourth of July*) and an inventive novel about a veteran on a journey (*Around the World in Eight Days*). He is working on another novel in Redondo Beach, Calif. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "The loss to our country was much greater than the names on that wall. It runs much deeper. I spent 20 years reacting to what happened. But now I'm trying to live again. I'm really out to have some of the beauty in life."



**TWO DEATHS** The assassinations of Kennedy and King left much of America politically orphaned

## Martin Luther King Jr.

**L**eaders kept vanishing, leaving behind them a kind of iridescent afterimage upon the retina, and a sense of wonder.

Sudden, colossal vacancies: Lyndon Johnson capitulated and removed himself from the melodrama. The nation had barely absorbed that event when, five days later, Martin Luther King Jr. leaned over the second-floor balcony of the Lorraine Motel in a black neighborhood of Memphis and was hit in the neck by a rifle bullet. He was pronounced dead an hour later.

In the years since the December day in 1955 when Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat on a Montgomery bus to a white man, King's moral example and leadership had begun the transfor-

mation of the South, and of America, winning for blacks the human rights that even a Civil War a century earlier had not bestowed. The civil rights movement from Montgomery to Memphis was an American epic, with a thousand evocations of place and name: the lunch counters of Greensboro in 1960; the "Freedom Riders" of 1961; SNCC; CORE; the March on Washington; James Meredith; Medgar Evers; Bull Connor in Birmingham; Philadelphia, Miss.; Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney. . . . But race and slavery, America's original sin, came back always, and had begun to break into sporadic warfare in the Northern ghettos.

Secretary of Education William Bennett was teaching political philosophy at the University of Southern Mississippi when King was killed, and he spent the

rest of the year trying to help his students, and himself, understand what had happened. "I went back and back again to the Yeats poem ["The Second Coming," whose lines were quoted many times that year]. It said, 'Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.' The blood-dimmed tide of innocence is loosed and everywhere. The ceremony of innocence is drowned. The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." Those lines might have been written as the epigraph for 1968.

After King died, Bennett was driving his 1950 Chevrolet from Mississippi to New Orleans. As he entered Louisiana, he was run off the road—"something like *Easy Rider*"—by two white men in a pickup truck. When Bennett got out, the men apologized, saying that since he was



DEAN  
RUSK, 78

■ **THEN:** Lyndon Johnson's unflappable Secretary of State, who helped formulate and doggedly defended the Administration's Viet Nam policy as widespread criticism flared. ■ **NOW:** A professor of international law at the University of Georgia in Athens.

■ **LOOKING BACK:** "It was clear to me in the spring of '68 that support for Viet Nam at the grass-roots level had changed. We had good support until that point, despite the campus demonstrations. War weariness eventually set in, and that was the watershed year. The important lesson is that when we enter a security treaty, we ought to understand from the beginning what the consequences might be."



RALPH DAVID  
ABERNATHY, 61

■ **THEN:** Vice president and treasurer of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, he was with the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. on the balcony of a motel in Memphis when King was assassinated. ■ **NOW:** President emeritus of the S.C.L.C. and senior pastor of Atlanta's West Hunter Street Baptist Church.

■ **LOOKING BACK:** "It was painful for me to have to cradle in my arms my dearest friend and closest associate, my buddy, and then take the mantle of leadership for a fallen hero. Yet I knew that we would overcome someday. I believed in America in spite of its faults. I still believe this country is the greatest on the face of the earth."

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driving such an old car, they assumed he was a "nigger." A few weeks later as he was driving the same Chevy with Mississippi license plates north to Harvard Law School, a group of college-age kids passed him on a Connecticut highway, threw a Coke bottle at his car, and yelled, "Go back to Mississippi, you damn redneck."

King's principles of Gandhian nonviolence had already begun losing their constituency among blacks by early 1968. Watts, Detroit, Newark and other cities had erupted in riots. As the atmosphere of violence and apocalypse deepened, King's moral style came to seem to many blacks to be irrelevantly noble, archaic, out of touch with the sharper realities. Nonviolence was perhaps a principle too spiritual and forbearing for the age. Blacks sometimes satirically referred to King as "de Lawd." The Nobel Peace Prize that he won in 1964 may have been an ultimate achievement in the international (white) world, but it subtly distanced him from American blacks.

In any case, a new generation of black leaders was feeling its power—H. Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, for example, men with incendiary strategies. The Black Panthers had taken up the gun and within two days of King's death were shooting it out with police in Oakland. King was a genius of persuasion, of conscience and rhetoric. The preacher's moment seemed to have passed. King represented America's better self, but now it seemed that the deeper drive, the murderous urge, was taking over the soul. At the time of his death, King, short of money, beleaguered as always by the FBI, was trying to regain his traction as the pre-eminent American black leader.

His murder sent black America into paroxysms. James Baldwin said later that white Americans would never understand the depth of the grief that blacks felt at



**DEFIANCE** Tommie Smith and John Carlos at the Mexico City Olympics

that moment. America was swept for a week by riots. Forty-six people died, all but five of them black. Washington, the city where King led his triumphant, non-violent march in the summer of 1963, was overtaken by arson and looting. The rioting was almost as bad in Baltimore, Chicago and Kansas City. In all, there was violence in 125 cities. The authorities called out 20,000 regular Army troops and 34,000 National Guardsmen. On April 15 Chicago's Mayor Daley ordered his police to shoot to kill arsonists and to shoot to maim looters.

Todd Gitlin, a onetime activist in the leftist Students for a Democratic Society, writes in his superb new history, *The Sixties*, that "rage was becoming the common coin of American culture." Two months before King's death, black students in Orangeburg, S.C., were demonstrating outside a bowling alley that

would not permit them to enter. After several days the confrontation turned violent. Police fired on a group of students. Thirty-four were wounded, and three died.

King has his place in the American pantheon now, and a national holiday in his honor. One of his lieutenants, Jesse Jackson, who was at the Lorraine Motel that evening in Memphis, is now in the front rank of Democratic presidential candidates, a development inconceivable at the time of King's death.

But in the long recession from the '60s, and especially during the Reagan years, the moral will to advance the cause of blacks through Government action has waned, a function of straitened budgets and a kind of cultural recoil from the principles of Johnson's Great Society. The black middle class has grown and in many ways prospered, and yet the black underclass has hardened into a cruel permanence. Says Charles Stith, pastor of Boston's Union United Methodist Church and a highly regarded black activist: "Martin Luther King fought for our rights to ride in the front of the bus. But folks still can't afford to ride the front of the airplane. This isn't a civil rights issue. We've dealt with that. The crisis now is economic."

The night that Martin Luther King died, Bobby Kennedy was in Indianapolis. He stood on a flatbed truck in a parking lot and addressed an angry, grieving crowd of blacks. "Those of you who are black can be filled with hatred, with bitterness and a desire for revenge," he said. "We can move toward further polarization. Or we can make an effort, as Dr. King did, to understand, to reconcile ourselves and to love."

What died with Martin Luther King Jr. and later, in great finality, with Robert Kennedy, was a moral trajectory, a style of aspiration. King embodied a nobility and hope that all but vanished. With King



COUNTRY JOE  
MCDONALD, 46

■ **THEN:** Leader of the pop-rock group Country Joe and the Fish; whose antiwar anthem, *I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag*, written and first performed in 1965, caught on this year as a chant at protest rallies. Its sarcastic lyrics: "One, two, three, what are we fighting for... There ain't no time to wonder why, whoopee, we're all gonna die." ■ **NOW:** Partner in a small record company in Berkeley, he still performs occasionally.

■ **LOOKING BACK:** "It was a year of extremes. People believed in dreams, but those dreams could turn into nightmares. It was difficult to lead a normal life. War, political upheaval. The only thing that thrived was the counter culture. But it was a good party year."



TOMMIE  
SMITH, 43

■ **THEN:** The black San Jose State athlete won an Olympic gold medal in Mexico City by setting a world record in the 200-meter dash. Then he and fellow Black Medalist John Carlos were expelled from the Games for raising gloved fists in a defiant gesture as the U.S. national anthem was played at the awards presentation. ■ **NOW:** A physical education and health instructor at Santa Monica College in California, he is active in his Christian

Methodist Episcopal Church and in a religious school, but not in politics. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "I felt I had a responsibility. It wasn't a black power sign. It represented strength and solidarity with all people."

and Kennedy, a species of idealism died—the idealism that hoped to put America back together again, to reconcile it to itself. In the nervous breakdown of 1968, the word idealism became almost a term of derision. Idealism eventually tribalized into aggressive special interests ("environmentalists, feminists and radical gays," et al.), doing battle in a long war of constituencies. Georgia Congressman John Lewis, a veteran of the long civil rights movement, says now that the '60s put the nation on a "freedom high." But after King's death, Lewis observes, "people just dropped out. It had an effect on the American psyche. I think some people were afraid to hope again, afraid to get involved."

## The Students Rise

**A**bbie Hoffman, founding father of the Yippies and still, at 51, a social activist, has an arresting theory about time and the stages of human development. "The world really began for us," his idea goes, "on Aug. 6, 1945, when the atom bomb was dropped. So that during the '60s we were all young. The whole world was going through its youth, its atomic youth. If you looked at the magazines at the time, they were all youth oriented, and the culture was all youth oriented." Today, says Hoffman, it is not only that the baby boomers are getting middle-aged. The entire society, he thinks, is in its atomic middle age—even the young today are middle-aged. The theory has a limited, even narcissistic logic and a certain charm.

In 1968, by the Hoffman hypothesis of atomic aging, the world was about 22 years old. The baby-boom generation, not only in America but in much of the rest of the world, grew up not merely in the shadow of the Bomb but also in an envelope of common experiences. Television gave



**PRAGUE** Came the counterrevolution, and Dubček ended up in the Ministry of Forests

them a collective memory—of Howdy Doody and Beaver Cleaver, of public events (most vividly and traumatically, the assassination of President John Kennedy). Then, in the mid- and later '60s, the young endlessly enriched and elaborated their culture, through music mainly and through drugs and costume and linguistic style (groovy, far-out, rip-off, bumper, bread, acid head, pigs, narcs, rap, trash). They made a worldwide cultural revolution.

Woodstock and the "Woodstock Nation" that Hoffman wrote about would come in 1969. The year 1968 was more politically preoccupied. But the personalities and anthems of rock gave pulse to the politics and identity to the young. It was the sound that they inhabited—Steppenwolf, Country Joe and the Fish, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Marvin Gaye, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Simon and Garfunkel, the Beatles going into their *White Album* phase and, above all, Bob Dylan, still. Dylan's music had a genius of portent: "The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind." Back in 1965 he had written, "Something is happening here, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" He was right.

The youth of the world's atomic age came to a sort of critical mass in the spring of 1968. Nineteen days after King's assassination, students at Columbia University began occupying five buildings on the campus and held them for almost a week. Mark Rudd, a Columbia junior with a gift for confrontational theater, led an "action faction" of S.D.S. He wrote an open letter to University President Grayson Kirk, which he closed with a line from LeRoi Jones: "Up against the wall, m."

this is a stickup." With some of the student movement's talent for converting disrespect to symbolic desecration, the occupation forces moved into Kirk's office, smoked his cigars (one student with his feet perched on Kirk's desk, an act of smirking and virtually Oedipal *lèse majesté*—O.K., Dad, whatcha gonna do about it, huh?) and, after six days of occupation, left the place a mess.

The uprising at Columbia was the work of a minority of student radicals. But it was not an aberration. Around the world that year in cities as widely spaced as Paris and Tokyo and Mexico City and Berkeley, students rose in protest and revolt. The spasms of unrest seemed almost psychologically coordinated, as if a mysterious common impulse had swept through the nervous system of a global generation. The theme of the protests, and of the generation, was . . . what? To challenge authority. To change the world. To take possession of the world. To announce itself.

In Paris, what began as protest over sex-segregated dormitories ended in a general strike and very nearly brought down the government of Charles de Gaulle. Hallucination again, the decade's leitmotif of illusion: now you see it, now you don't. For some days it looked as if France were in the grip of a revolution, everyone manning the barricades. The country came to a boil and then, just as



ALEXANDER DUBČEK, 66

■ **THEN:** Reformist leader of Czechoslovakia whose independent-minded program of "socialism with a human face" gave birth to the "Prague Spring" and led the Kremlin to storm the nation with troops and tanks to oust him from power. ■ **NOW:** After ending his career as a local bureaucrat in the Forestry Administration, he lives in retirement in western Slovakia. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** A close colleague who knows Dubček's

feelings declared, "In 1968 we were giving the people what they wanted. In that respect we were fulfilling the role of government—to do the will of the people. The authorities in charge have no such legitimacy. But our people still want today what they wanted then."



LYDD BUCHER, 60

■ **THEN:** Commander of the U.S.S. *Pueblo*, a Navy intelligence vessel seized in January by North Koreans while it was snooping in the Sea of Japan. He and the other 81 surviving crewmen (one sailor died) were brutalized and held captive for eleven months. ■ **NOW:** After retiring in 1973, he became a watercolor artist in a San Diego suburb. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "It is sickening to see the U.S., a country that stands for so much good-

ness, become the butt of such hatred by hostage takers. My advice to the families of hostages is to keep the pressure on the bureaucrats. The squeaky wheel gets the grease. Continue to make noise in a civilized way."

quickly, cooled down to the status quo.

If there seemed an ultimate unseriousness about Paris in May, the events in Mexico City some months later were a trauma and tragedy. Mexico, under President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, was preparing to play host to the Olympics. But the mood of students, intellectuals and much of the middle class had soured on the Diaz government's authoritarianism. On Oct. 2 some 10,000 people gathered at Tlatelolco Square. Late in the afternoon, hundreds of soldiers hidden in the Aztec ruins opened fire, while secret-police agents in the crowd drew pistols and began making arrests. That night army vehicles carried the bodies away. No one knows how many died. Some estimate 300, others say 500. The government admitted to only 32.

The massacre achieved its immediate objective: the protest movement disintegrated. On Oct. 12 the Olympic flame was lighted, and white doves were released above Aztec Stadium to start the Games.

## An End of Heroes

**R**obert Kennedy had come into the presidential race in a sheepish and vaguely ignominious fashion, piggybacking on Eugene McCarthy's courage. McCarthy, the sardonic Minnesota Senator who wrote poetry and loved to work the contrarian vein, challenged L.B.J. as far back as November 1967. The McCarthy campaign, which seemed a quixotic gesture, swiftly picked up thousands of young volunteers. Long-haired students went to the barber and put on neckties ("Clean for Gene") and fanned out across New Hampshire, the first primary state, canvassing door to door, building a grass-roots movement.



**THE NEW ORDER** At the end, the power was ceded back to the fathers

Robert Kennedy had contemplated challenging Johnson, but decided against it. His best year, advisers told him, would be 1972. After Johnson finished a second term, Kennedy promised McCarthy that he would stay out of the race. But then McCarthy astonished everyone, and seemed a winner, by getting 42% of the Democratic vote in New Hampshire (another example of perceptions being more powerful than realities, since the sitting President actually won, with more than 49%). Kennedy saw the world in a new way. Obviously, 1968 was going to be an unusual year. Somewhat maladroitness, on March 16, four days after New Hampshire, he plunged in.

He overtook McCarthy in primaries in Indiana and Nebraska, then lost to him in an upset in Oregon. With that, the party's attention shifted to the June 4 California primary. Kennedy won, with 46% of

the vote, against 42% for McCarthy.

That night, around midnight California time, he stood before his happy supporters in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and gave them some serious talk and some wisecracks about his dog Freckles. Among his last words from the rostrum: "I think we can end the divisions within the United States, the violence." Then he walked through a serving pantry that led to the pressroom, his next stop. In the hotel serving pantry, Sirhan Sirhan, a Jordanian Arab living as a resident alien in the U.S., shot Kennedy in the head with a .22-cal. pistol.

Tom Hayden, a leader of S.D.S. and now a California state assemblyman, may sometimes have shared the radicals' feelings of cynicism and contempt for Bobby Kennedy, at least while Kennedy lived. But Hayden went to St. Patrick's Cathedral in

New York City and wept at Kennedy's casket, holding a Cuban fatigue cap in his hand. The year had many legacies, but the assassinations were among the most important and were the hardest to bear. They altered history and broke something essential in the national morale—they broke hope. "The best leaders of our time were dead," Hayden says now. "They had been murdered. That is the heart of the tragedy. By 1968 I knew I was part of an apocalypse, which is different from the early idealism. You feel you are carried by events that are out of your control."

Hayden thinks Kennedy would have won the Democratic nomination in 1968 and then gone on to defeat Richard Nixon in November and served two terms in the White House, leaving office in January 1977. Richard Goodwin worked as an adviser and speechwriter for both John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy. He re-



GEORGE WALLACE, 68

■ **THEN:** Candidate for President as a right-wing, anti-Washington populist who urged voters to "Send 'em a message." His American Independent Party won 13.5% of the vote and carried five Southern states. ■ **NOW:** Crippled by an assassination attempt while campaigning for the presidency in 1972, he recovered enough to complete four terms as Alabama's Governor, retiring last year in poor health. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "The

South used to be neglected. The Democrats took us for granted, and the Republicans knew the South would vote Democratic. We broke the ice. As a consequence, all the candidates are courting a Southern leader. You cannot win without the South, and they know that."



DICK MARTIN, 65

■ **THEN:** Co-host (with Dan Rowan, who died last year) of *Laugh-In*, the rapid-fire, satirical TV comedy series that popularized such enduring lines as "Sock it to me!" "Here come de judge!" and "You bet your sweet bippy!" The show also launched such still current comedians as Lily Tomlin and Goldie Hawn. ■ **NOW:** A television director (his recent work includes episodes of *Nehart* and *Sledge Hammer!* living in Malibu, where he admits, he misses performing. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "We thought we

so advanced for our time. But what seemed racy then now seems tame. We couldn't even say the word pregnant on the air. Now look at what Eddie Murphy does."

members talking to Bobby on the night he was killed. "He believed," recalls Goodwin, "that he probably wouldn't get the nomination. He was sure that Johnson would do anything to stop him." Goodwin shared Kennedy's pessimism at the time, but now, 20 years later, says the nomination could have been won. The way the Chicago convention evolved and erupted, Goodwin reasons, would have played to Kennedy's strengths.

What if Bobby Kennedy had lived and been elected President? It can be argued that Sirhan Sirhan's nihilistic gesture changed American history more profoundly than any other event since the death of Franklin Roosevelt. Without Sirhan, would there have been no Nixon, no Watergate, and possibly therefore no Jimmy Carter, and possibly therefore no Ronald Reagan? The long historical tumble of the past 20 years may have begun in that hotel serving pantry. Of course, that sort of hypothesis is merely a fantastic antiworld. Such speculations are idle and infinite.

In any case, with Kennedy's death, a large number of the American young felt that they had become disenfranchised and were now orphaned from the nation's political system.

What is lost when heroes vanish? Henry David Thoreau (a man who would have been at home in 1968) wrote an enigmatic throwaway line in *Walden*: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail." The words, vaguely allegorical and haunting, have something in common with Paul Simon's "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" One has only to inspect the field of presidential candidates in 1988 to feel a sense of some hero lost in the drama of American life.

Perhaps it is an immature impulse to wish for heroes. In the early '80s many of the young adopted the oldest American President, Ronald Reagan, as a kind of hero—not a moral or political hero exact-



**BIAFRA** A two-year-old boy in the food line at a Red Cross station

ly, but rather a sort of hero of attitude, not a leader so much as a prince of nonchalance. That sort of hero does not nourish much, or perform the hero's function of inspiring people to be better, to do better.

On the other hand: Once America was more inclined to look for the best of itself in its leaders, to invest more faith and hope in them. Now, 20 years later, says Ralph Whitehead of the University of Massachusetts, a more realistic society may be better than its leaders.

## Chicago

Nothing is more theatrical than apocalypse, and the air that year was nervy with intimations of last days. Chicago was a masterpiece of the form.

The young men and women of the "movement," the antiwar and Anti-Establishment young, had lost their voice in the political process. After Kennedy's death, Eugene McCarthy seemed to vanish from the moral horizon, even though he remained in the race. Hubert Humphrey had endured his long humiliation as Johnson's Vice President, and was the anointed one.

As the summer reached its climax, the

Democrats and the forces of protest came to Chicago. For a long time the nation had been flirting with forms of *götterdämmerung*, with extremes of vocabulary and behavior and an appetite for violent resolution.

Chicago tore the wiring out of the Democratic Party. Wrote Todd Gitlin: "What exploded in Chicago that week was the product of pressures that had been building up for almost a decade." Traditional Democratic liberalism had exhausted itself over Viet Nam. The antiwar forces in the party, especially the young, had grown "radicalized," as they said, and pushed into new territories of recklessness and resolve. As much as any event in 1968, Chicago is an origin myth of the tribe. Grant

Park, Lincoln Park, Michigan Avenue. Those were battle names. Chicago was an extravagant dramatization of America's war with itself. "The truth is that these were our children in the streets and the Chicago police beat them up," wrote Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* after he watched Daley's cops wage into the scruffy, taunting, passionate young. The air was filthy with tear gas and Yippies' stink bombs and obscenities and a palpable, murderous rage. The American id thrashed up into view of the world. There were both gaiety and terror in the spectacle, and a sheer bizarre surprise.

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, the Yippies' brilliant impresarios, compiled a ridiculous mock agenda that the authorities took in earnest: the Yippies threatened to put LSD into the city's water supplies, to drug the delegates' food, to get "hyperpotent" male Yippies to seduce the delegates' wives, to paint cars to look like taxis and kidnap delegates to Wisconsin. The underground *Express Times* warned, "If you're going to Chicago, be sure to wear some armor in your hair"—a sardonic echo of the sweet flower-child tune of the summer before ("If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair").



SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, 63

■ **THEN:** A New York Democrat, she became the first black woman ever elected to Congress. ■ **NOW:** After seeking the Democratic nomination for President in 1972, she left the House in 1982 to join the faculty of Massachusetts' Mount Holyoke College. Retired, she lives in Williamsville, N.Y. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "The struggles that we went through in '68 are coming back to haunt us, to tell us that this great, bloodless social and political revolution has never been completed. Today's students are preoccupied with materialistic things, with their Gucci bags and Klein jeans. Their attitude can be summed up in the phrase, 'If you don't bother me, I won't bother you.'"



JAMES LOVELL JR., 59

■ **THEN:** On the day before Christmas, he and fellow Astronauts Frank Borman and William Anders, flying their Apollo 8 spacecraft, became the first men ever to circle the moon. After sending television views of the lunar surface back to earth, the trio returned safely on Dec. 27. ■ **NOW:** Executive vice president of Centel Corp., a Chicago-based telecommunications and electric utilities firm. ■ **LOOKING BACK:** "We finally had a success that everyone could look up to. This was pure American. You could talk to a flower child in the street or an old dwager on Fifth Avenue, and everyone had a sense of pride. We were no longer earthbound."



Chicago was mischief and political subversion on a grand scale. The demonstrators, under the gaze of television cameras, provoked Daley's police to rage. There were unarticulated class antagonisms at work—many of the demonstrators being children of comparative affluence, the police coming from the city's blue-collar and ethnic neighborhoods. The adrenaline of that difference gave the clubs more force when the cops at last cut loose and went after the kids' ribs and skulls.

It was a media event with flowing blood and absurdist overtones. The aging Beat poet Allen Ginsberg chanted on in Lincoln Park. Jean Genet, the French homosexual playwright and ex-convict, wrote titillated prose about how attractive and powerful the cops' thighs were. Abbie Hoffman developed a cordial relationship with the plainclothes policemen assigned to tail him everywhere, but he shook them sometimes and spirited around town in a score of disguises.

The war in the streets raged on, and in the hall Ribicoff reprimanded Daley in a tableau that symbolized the end of the rule of the back room and the boss in the Democratic Party. From that day on, the Democratic Party, carrying with it the G.O.P., would struggle to institutionalize the "open democracy" that was one of the ideals of 1968. Each step of the way, with each new reform and primary rule, the process would become messier and more unwieldy. As a result, the party leaders chosen by the back-room bosses, people like John Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson, were succeeded by contenders like George McGovern and Jimmy Carter, who could best catch the whims of the moment and spend the most time courting voters in the states with early primaries.

The antiwar Democrats' distaste for Hubert Humphrey seemed somehow more virulent than their feelings about Richard Nixon, possibly because Humphrey for so long had served the hated warmaker Lyndon Johnson. Nixon, who had been nominated in Miami three weeks before Chicago, somehow did not figure in the demology just then. He was off the radar. Miami was sedate compared with Chicago, but almost anything this side of a combat zone would have been. Nixon surprised the convention by choosing a vice-presidential running mate named Spiro Agnew, the Governor of Maryland who had drawn some attention in the spring by his tough dealing with rioters after the King assassination.

## The Moon

Nineteen sixty-eight had a kind of Aristotelian logic, the proportions of tragedy. Hope begot death, revolution begot counterrevolution.

In America the great uprising on the political and cultural left was answered by the rising of George Wallace's army on the right. Wallace, truculent and charismatic in a darkling way, ran a third-party campaign that attracted a large following among blue-collar workers, ethnics and Middle Americans who felt abandoned by their own country and its politics. There was poetry, if not logic, in the fact that many voters who

for Richard Nixon. The Communists who rolled into Prague were not small peasants in black pajamas fighting in their own villages but living specters of the old cold war, of which Nixon was a battle-hardened veteran. Even so, the election results in November were a portrait of a society deeply divided. Nixon and Humphrey split the popular vote almost evenly (at 43%), and George Wallace won 13.5% in the largest third-party turnout since Robert La Follette won 17% in 1924.

As the annus mirabilis drew to an end, Nixon and his aides, John Erlichman and Bob Haldeman were busy in a suite on the 39th floor of the Pierre Hotel in Manhattan, assembling the new Administration, a new cast of characters—Henry Kissinger, John Mitchell and the rest. The nation soon would be off on a different road, or so one imagined. It would be another four years before the U.S. withdrew from Viet Nam, and another seven years before the North Vietnamese armies would sweep south and accomplish the result that American power had sought so long to prevent. During 1968, an additional 16,000 Americans died in the war. By the time the polished black granite of the Viet Nam Memorial was installed in Washington in 1982—an act of national reconciliation that took years—more than 58,000 names of the dead had to be inscribed on the stone.

On Christmas Eve 1968, three American astronauts—Frank Borman, William Anders and James Lovell—were making revolutions around the moon in the Apollo 8 spacecraft. Lovell, now a corporate executive in Chicago, describes the event in a charming mix of metaphors: "It was the final bright star in the last gasp of 1968." The messy earth looked different from a distance. "that bright loveliness in the eternal cold," as Archibald MacLeish wrote.

Nineteen sixty-eight was more than a densely compacted parade of events, more than the accidental alignment of planets. It was a tragedy of change, a struggle between generations, to some extent a war between the past and the future, and even, for an entire society, a violent struggle to grow up.

After 1968, much of the drama lay ahead (the Weatherman's Days of Rage, Woodstock, Altamont, Kent State), and then the long dispersals of the '60s generation into the '70s. But the events of the origin myth ended sometime around the November election of Richard Nixon, when, it may be, history seemed to have been ceded back to the fathers, and recalled from timelessness into time.

—Reported by Robert Alterman/Boston, Anne Hopkins/New York and Dan Goodgame/Los Angeles



**PERSPECTIVE** Apollo 8 saw "that bright loveliness in the eternal cold"

would have supported Robert Kennedy switched to Wallace after Kennedy's death. Kennedy and Wallace, so different in most ways, drew from the same deep pools of passion and longing for a voice.

In Czechoslovakia during the spring, the Communist Party led by Alexander Dubček undertook reforms that now seem a distant forerunner of Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost*—efforts to humanize the socialist structure, to encourage greater individual discretion. Euphoria bloomed in the "Prague Spring." But the Soviets could not tolerate that measure of autonomy in their satellite, any more than they could abide Hungary in 1956 or, later, Poland in 1981. In August 1968, Soviet and other Warsaw Pact tanks rolled into Prague and crushed the hope. Not long after, Dubček ended up working obscurely for the Forestry Administration in western Slovakia.

Those tanks may have been a blessing



## Nation

# Toward A Nerve- Gas Arms Race

*The U.S. takes up  
a chemical "deterrent"*

**E**ven in a world swollen with weapons, chemical arms remain among the most horrible agents of war. Contact with one droplet of nerve gas can send a person into sweats and uncontrollable vomiting, followed by paralysis and death by asphyxiation. The chlorine and "mustard" gases used by Germany during World War I were considered so monstrous that in 1925 the world's major nations drew up an international protocol to ban their use. In 1969 Richard Nixon unilaterally halted U.S. production of chemical weapons, calling their use "repugnant to the conscience of mankind."

Last month, for the first time since Nixon issued his pointed decree, workers at the Army's Pine Bluff, Ark., arsenal resumed nerve-gas production by filling, sealing and storing artillery-shell components with an ingredient of GB, a nerve poison related to the pesticide malathion. When combined with simple rubbing alcohol, which the Army plans to load into artillery shells at Shreveport, La., the chemical turns lethal.

The return to chemical-weapons production results from more than a decade of Defense Department efforts to persuade Congress to fund so-called binary weapons—devices in which the two comparatively harmless components of a deadly compound are stored and transported separately. Only when the components combine—when the shells are fired, for example—do they become toxic.

The Pentagon claims chemical weapons are needed to deter a nerve-gas attack in Europe by the Soviet Union. The Soviets, says the military, have a larger and more modern stockpile than the U.S., as well as a 100,000-man force trained to fight in chemically contaminated situations. Much of the U.S. stockpile is outmoded or



U.S. troops in West Germany: back home, training with live nerve gas will start

has begun to deteriorate, says the Pentagon, and therefore is not a "credible deterrent." Officially NATO defense ministers concur, but some of them acknowledge that proposals to deploy new chemical weapons in Europe would provoke strong reactions among the public. The Soviets, in an effort to avert resumption of the U.S. program, finally admitted last spring to having chemical weapons but claimed to have stopped making them. In October they went so far as to allow Western inspection of their chemical-weapons facility at Shikhan.

U.S. opponents of the buildup object that chemical weapons are not necessarily superior to other kinds of arms and that their main tactical use is to hamper the effectiveness of

enemy troops by forcing them to don unwieldy protective suits. By producing an updated generation of the toxins, critics contend, the Pentagon will only escalate a chemical-arms race, and the U.S. alone, according to the American Chemical Association, already possesses more than 5,000 times enough nerve gas to kill everyone on earth.

Partly because of the relative ease of developing—and disguising—such armaments, at least 16 countries may already have the "poor man's atom bomb." Among

them: Iran, Iraq, Libya and Syria. Says Kenneth Adelman, former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "If there are a lot of crazy countries in the world that have chemical weapons and have not agreed to ban them, it makes no sense for the U.S. to give up a deterrent chemical-weapons force."

Moreover, the Pentagon says, nearly three-quarters of this year's \$970 million chemical-warfare budget will be spent not on arms but on detection and avoidance measures. The military is putting less emphasis on bulky protective gear for soldiers than on sensors for locating chemical-weapons launchers and improved decontamination methods. The Army is also setting up training programs using live nerve agents at its chemical-warfare school in Fort McClellan, Ala.

The Administration is pursuing negotiations with the Soviets aimed at eliminating both stockpiles and production. Earlier talks led Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in August to announce that his country had accepted in principle a 1984 American proposal for short-notice inspections. The best way to assure continued Soviet cooperation, concludes a defense official, is by "expressing our resolve to modernize. Only then do the Soviets become willing to talk." Perhaps. But in the name of deterrence, the U.S. may find itself drawn into a particularly odious and dangerous kind of arms race.

—By Glenn Garelik/Washington

**At least  
16 nations  
may already  
have the  
"poor man's  
atom bomb"**

## Putting the Pedal to the Metal

Congress sneaks through an expansion of the 65-m.p.h. limit

**S**ure, it's fun to go fast. But several lawmakers complained last week that matters were whizzing by out of control when Congress agreed to allow states to raise the speed limit to 65 m.p.h. on local highways. In a feat of legislative legerdemain, proponents of the higher speed limit attached an amendment to the \$600 billion 1988 spending bill, bypassing the safety-minded House Public Works and Transportation Committee.

Once the long-delayed spending bill reached the full Congress on Dec. 21, few legislators noticed the amendment, which permits as many as 20 states to lift the 55-m.p.h. limit on divided highways in rural areas that meet interstate safety standards. Those who knew of the provision feared that further debate might threaten other, more delicate compromises contained in the spending bill. That infuriated Transportation Committee Chairman James Howard of New Jersey, who wrote the 1974 legislation that slowed down the national speed limit to 55 m.p.h. "What outrages me," he says, "is that this major policy change happened in an appropriations bill. It sort of got buried."

For more than a year, lower fines and selective enforcement of speeding laws had been gaining favor in many states. In

April, when Congress permitted all states to raise the speed limit on rural interstate highways to 65 m.p.h., 38 states chose to do so.

The results thus far have been ominous. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration reports that in 22 of those states, highway deaths jumped 46% between May and July over the same three months in 1986. "Because of a few macho Westerners," says Howard, "more people are going to be killed." Neither the Reagan Administration nor Senator

Don Nickles, the Oklahoma Republican who sponsored the latest bill, attaches much significance to these early fatality figures. Observes Nickles: "I don't think it is the speed limit that kills people so much as the behavior of the people driving." He argues that it is illogical for state roads to be bound by lower speed limits if they are comparable with interstates.

"People are voting with their gas pedals," says Gene Berthelsen of the California department of transportation. He points out that the average speed on rural interstates before the limit was raised was 62 m.p.h.; the average speed

on 65-m.p.h. interstates in California is now 64.5 m.p.h. Says Berthelsen: "We feel it's wiser to post speeds that people are already going."

The insurance industry is reserving judgment. Traffic accidents cost the U.S. an estimated \$80 billion a year, and if collisions, injuries and claims increase, so will premiums. "The fatality count will be a good barometer," says Harvey Seymour of the Insurance Information Institute, an industry public relations organization. "If it continues to increase, someone is going to pay. Sixty-five miles per hour has a price."

Although the new measure is supposed to last for only a four-year "experimental" period, traffic experts are afraid that once the 65-m.p.h. limit is in place,

it will be difficult to put on the brakes, no matter what the death rates show. Already, permission to lift the 55-m.p.h. limit has been requested by 14 states: Arkansas, California, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Michigan, Nevada, Idaho, Texas and West Virginia.

Once the maximum of 20 states is reached, some of those who were left out will undoubtedly start clamoring for 65-m.p.h. eligibility. That may teach speedy lawmakers another lesson of the open road: no one likes to be passed.

—By Amy Wilentz.  
Reported by Ted Gao/Washington

## Still Grounded

Another setback for the shuttle

**T**he contrast was stark. Soviet Cosmonaut Yuri V. Romanenko returned happily to earth last week after spending a record-setting 326 days in the space station *Mir*, a prototype of one from which the Soviets hope to send men to Mars before the end of the century. The same day, NASA announced that part of a newly designed booster rocket had failed during a test firing at a Morton Thiokol plant near Brigham City, Utah, causing an undetermined delay in the faltering effort to resume U.S. manned space missions. At the same plant, five workers were killed when nearly 100,000 lbs. of solid rocket propellant for an MX missile section accidentally ignited. Since a similar fueling procedure is used for the shuttle boosters, that problem must also be solved before the next U.S. manned space flight is launched.

The failure in the booster-rocket test was unrelated to the malfunction that caused the *Challenger* explosion on Jan. 28, 1986, when fire burned through an O-ring that sealed the joint between two rocket sections. This time the problem

was in a flexible boot ring that helps anchor the swiveling rocket nozzle to the rigid booster case. Nearly half of the ring, which is 8 in. wide, 2 in. thick and 8 ft. in diameter, broke away during the horizontal ground test: some pieces were found inside the booster. The nozzle had been deliberately shifted 7° just 1° short of its maximum movement.

The boot ring had been redesigned because an earlier type had eroded on several missions. Morton Thiokol officials



The faulty booster rocket is test fired at Morton Thiokol's Utah plant

said a different type of nozzle joint had been tested successfully in August and could be reinstalled. "We have a parallel design, and we also have some rings of a different configuration on the shelf," said John Thomas, a NASA engineer who began examining the failure. "What we have to do is understand exactly what happened so we can clear this ring or another one."

Morton Thiokol stopped its scheduled

shipment of aft booster segments to Cape Canaveral, Fla., where an astronaut crew had hoped to resume flights on June 2. NASA estimated that the longest probable delay from the nozzle failure would be three months. But some of the agency's veterans speculated that the Administration will not want to risk a launch until after the November elections.

The MX fire was seen as more of an avoidable accident than a fundamental problem with the long-range nuclear missile or with standard fueling procedures, which had been performed safely thousands of times. Actually, the MX has had far more serious problems with its faulty guidance system. The propellant ignited as workers were removing a device used in the fueling process. Flames shot 50 ft. into the air, and the remote building was reduced to twisted

pieces of metal. The five workers in the building had no chance to flee the inferno. The twin failures at Morton Thiokol raised new congressional complaints about the troubled contractor. The comparative Soviet success in manned space flight worried other experts. Declared John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists: "The Soviet cosmonauts got a big boost on their way to Mars. They know where they're going. We don't."

# The Teflon Twins of 1988

*Why no one wants to roughhouse with Jackson and Robertson*

Imagine the uproar if a television tape were discovered in which, say, Bob Dole argued that only devout Christians and Jews were entitled to serve in government.

Dole, of course, has never said anything like that. But his G.O.P. rival Pat Robertson made precisely that inflammatory statement in a 1985 broadcast of his 700 Club TV show. Robertson compounded the offense last fall by piously insisting that he had never harbored such sentiments, defiantly at odds with the constitutional tradition of separating church and state.

A month before the Iowa caucuses, has there been any outcry over Robertson's TV tape? Not a bit. None of the Republican presidential candidates have dared to challenge Robertson on the church-state issue, even though the former televangelist may run third in Iowa. This seeming immunity from reproach is reminiscent of the see-no-evil response to Jesse Jackson's "Hymietown" slurs about New York City in 1984. The Democrats running last time out made only muted responses to those anti-Semitic comments, nor did they stress Jackson's ties with black Hate-monger Louis Farrakhan. Last fall Jackson received a similar free ride about a far more minor peccadillo: his brief and ill-advised commercial endorsement of a chain of business schools. Had another candidate made a comparable financial arrangement, his judgment would surely have been attacked.

In this season of the character issue, nothing appears to stick to Robertson and Jackson. They could be called the Teflon Twins of post-Reagan politics, unabashed and unapologetic about intemperate statements, personality flaws and boastful exaggerations on their résumés. Robertson and Jackson remain carefree riders on the political roller coaster, rarely having to worry about the bumps and twists that have buffeted Gary Hart, Joseph Biden and Michael Dukakis. As other candidates pepper their rivals with grapeshot, these two preacher-politicians continue to have immunity from all but the most tepid criticism.

This timidity extends to discussions of issues. In a G.O.P. debate, no one demurred when Robertson claimed that legal abortion jeopardizes the future of the Social Security system by depriving the

American economy of needed workers. Nor have his rivals responded to other flights of Robertson rhetoric, like his loose talk of rolling back Communism in the Soviet Union. On the Democratic side, there has been no direct criticism of Jackson's cavalier proposal for Draconian cuts in defense spending. Similarly, no Democrat has asked Jackson to explain how he could tap the nation's pension funds for a massive public works program without



jeopardizing the income of retirees or providing expensive federal guarantees.

Strategists for other candidates purport to find nothing strange in these political grants of indulgence. Brian Lunde, Paul Simon's campaign manager, says about Jackson, "You don't beat on someone who doesn't threaten you." But Iowa polling data suggest that Jackson is taking some white populist votes that might otherwise have gone to Simon. In similar fashion, a top strategist for George Bush argues, "There is no percentage in directly taking on Robertson unless he takes you on." But Robertson poses a clear threat to Bush: his Fundamentalist faithful have embarrassed the Vice President in the initial political skirmishing in Michigan.

The press has attempted to hold Jack-

son and Robertson to the same character standards as their more conventional rivals, albeit to little effect. Several profiles have knocked holes in Jackson's heroic posturing, most notably his hotly disputed boast that he cradled Martin Luther King in his arms after the assassination. Robertson has also been shown to have augmented his résumé in a less than truthful fashion: his suspect claims range from assertions that he was a "combat" officer in Korea to exaggerated educational and business credentials.

In addition, the funding of Robertson's early political efforts is being investigated by the IRS. Michael McManus, a syndicated columnist specializing in religious issues, has documented \$8.4 million that went from Robertson's tax-exempt Christian Broadcasting Network to now defunct "educational" groups like the Freedom Council, which allegedly paid for much of the TV preacher's initial political organizing. The Robertson campaign has not disputed McManus' figures, which were obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. But Communications Director Constance Snapp says, "All monies given to the Freedom Council by CBN were perfectly legitimate from both a legal and ethical standpoint."

True, both Jackson and Robertson boast dedicated supporters unlikely to shift their allegiance because of negative press coverage. In fact, such articles may have enhanced the image of candidate as martyr: some blacks may see Jackson as besieged by the "white" media; Evangelicals could view Robertson as crucified by "secular humanist" reporters.

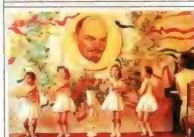
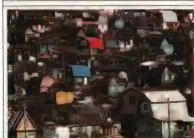
The silence of rival candidates is simply safe politics. As Democratic Analyst Robert Beckel says, "Nobody is going to get their constituencies now

anyway. Why attack if you can't get votes out of it?" Both Jackson and Robertson are likely to arrive at their respective conventions with committed blocs of delegates, ready to bargain over the identity of the nominee or the content of the party platform. Come November, the Democrats will need high black turnout and Republicans will want to win over Robertson's Fundamentalist followers, many of whom have tenuous ties to the G.O.P. As a Bush adviser says about Robertson, "We're going to need his folks next fall. Why alienate them if you don't have to?"

That may make short-term political sense, but the cloak of immunity that currently protects Jackson and Robertson does little to elevate the political debate.

—By Walter Shapiro.  
Reported by Laurence L. Barrett/Washington

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## Nation

# Can You Spare a Dime—for Bail?

Seattle joins in a crackdown on pushy panhandlers

Richard Demar is a pedestrian's nightmare. Dressed in torn jeans and a partly shredded brown parka, he zigzags down a crowded sidewalk near Seattle's popular Pike Place Market. One hand clenched in a fist, the other clutching a Styrofoam cup, Demar, 32, looks fierce and menacing as he stumbles along, working the crowd. "Got some change, man?" he half demands of an elderly gentleman who promptly escapes into a store. Farther down the block, he fixes his glassy gaze on a well-dressed woman toting a shopping bag brimming with gifts. "Come on, ma'am. Can't you spare me something? I got to have some food, lady. I'm out of work." Frightened, the woman clutches her bag under her arm like a football and quickens her pace. Demar follows for a few steps before giving up. "My God, it's just awful," the woman says afterward. Demar offers no apologies, explaining with a slur, "You gotta get their attention."

As the ranks of the nation's homeless continue to swell, pushy panhandlers like Demar are indeed attracting attention. No longer simply an unpleasant reminder of society's failures, beggars are feared as a potential danger, particularly in a holiday season, when city streets are filled with shoppers and tourists. "There is no contradiction between feeling sad because you don't know how to help and being frightened because one of the people asking for help may hit you on the head," says Michael Zeik, 64, who runs a gauntlet of beggars at New York City's Grand Central Terminal on his frequent visits to Manhattan from his suburban home.

Now Seattle, which is proud of its image as a comfortable, family-oriented city, has taken action. This fall the city council unanimously passed an ordinance making it illegal to "aggressively beg." The law forbids strong-arm tactics as well as the obstruction of pedestrian and automobile traffic. Offenders face a maximum penalty of 90 days in jail and a \$500 fine. Business leaders, the police and groups representing the elderly are elated, while advocates for the homeless, antipoverty workers and civil libertarians are appalled.

Seattle's 3,000 or so homeless include a small but highly visible minority of unruly beggars who cadege as much as \$15 a day from passersby. Until the new law took effect in November, pushy panhandlers were

the city's leading source of complaints. Mayor Charles Royer claims to have stacks of letters from visiting businessmen annoyed by Seattle's rowdy street people. Culling his own substantial collection of angry correspondence, Police Captain Jim Deschane quotes a local merchant: "Our employees are constantly accosted in our



Police put Seattle beggars on notice



Holiday shoppers run the gauntlet in New York City's Penn Station

Among the passersby, mixed feelings of sympathy and fear.

parking lot, and our customers are intimidated before coming into our store. We live and work in constant fear."

The ordinance is designed to quell these fears, but it suffers from a glaring flaw: nobody is quite certain how to define aggressive begging. The law makes it a misdemeanor to beg with the "intent to intimidate another person into giving money or goods," a formulation that could give pause to a high-pressure used-car salesman. Jerry Sheehan, legislative director for the Washington State chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union,

predicts that the new law will be challenged in court. If citizens don't understand what a law prohibits, he argues, how can they be expected to abide by it?

By the A.C.L.U.'s count, Seattle authorities can cite about 30 statutes when arresting someone for interfering with a pedestrian. Mayor Royer argues that the new law is much easier to enforce than previous ordinances. Precisely, say critics, who contend that the crackdown on aggressive panhandling is merely an excuse for the city to make the homeless less conspicuous. "Sure, no one likes to deal with folks lying all over the sidewalks," says Joe Martin, a social worker at the Pike Market Community Clinic. "But the question is, Why are they there?"

Seattle is not the first city to outlaw beligerent begging. New York City prohibits begging on the subways, although enforcement is sporadic. California cities rely on a state law against "accosting" people for money in public. Last April, Portland, Ore., passed legislation similar to Seattle's. Rather than specifically target begging, however, Portland forbids offensive physical contact or behavior that might cause a person reasonably to fear such contact. Unlike Seattle's law, Portland's solution has stirred little controversy. "It's a law that applies equally to obnoxious upper-class people coming out of a bar and hassling women," says Richard Meyer, executive director of Burnside Community Council, a local homeless-advocacy group.

While authorities in other cities are watching Seattle with interest, most are content to rely on existing laws rather than introduce new ones. Faced with well over 350,000 homeless wandering the streets in search of food and shelter, cities cannot hope to get rid of beggars. The problem isn't panhandling, says Patrick Murphy, director of the police policy board of the U.S. Conference of Mayors and former New York City police commissioner. "It's an entire social structure. Without proper housing, there is little hope for a solution."

So far, only about half a dozen people have been charged under Seattle's new law, but the city's panhandlers have been put on notice—and are noticeably less aggressive. "If I'm asking for trouble, then I'll get it," says Danny LaJoie, sitting cross-legged on a street corner, a cup of loose change at his feet. From his back pocket, LaJoie pulls out a black-and-white postcard showing four drunks slumped against a building. It reads, "Greetings from Seattle... America's most livable city!" These days the joke just isn't the same. —By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by Jon D. Hall/Seattle



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## American Notes



CRIME Simmons at his hearing



TRANSPORTATION Eastern's crippled DC-9 after a hard landing



AIR FORCE A well-clad Top Gun

### CRIME

## A Holiday Killing Spree

Three days after Christmas, Gene Simmons, 47, drove from his family's mobile home in Dover, Ark., to nearby Russellville. Packing two .22-cal. pistols, he entered a law office and fatally shot a young receptionist who had rejected his amorous advances. Then, in a 30-minute shooting spree across town, the retired Air Force master sergeant murdered a 33-year-old fireman and wounded four others. "Don't worry," he told a hostage minutes before surrendering to police. "I've gotten everybody who hurt me."

The full extent of Simmons' rampage became clear when authorities entered his home. There, amid unopened Christmas gifts, they found the bodies of one of Simmons' sons, a daughter, their spouses, and a grandchild. A shallow grave behind the house and the trunks of two junked cars contained the bodies of nine other family members: Mrs. Simmons, five more of her children and three grandchildren.

Formally charged with two of the 16 killings, Simmons was ordered to undergo psychiatric evaluation. While police searched for a motive, word arrived from New Mexico that he had been indicted in 1981 for committing incest with his 17-year-old daughter.

In an unrelated but chillingly similar incident last week,

seven members of an Iowa family were found shot to death in an apparent murder-suicide.

### AIR FORCE

## Full Leather Jacket

In the 1986 hit movie *Top Gun*, Actor Tom Cruise embodied the image of the modern, macho fighter pilot: close-cropped hair, aviator sunglasses and, of course, the classic brown leather flight jacket. Unlike Navy flyers, like the one Cruise portrayed, Air Force pilots have not been issued leather jackets since the late 1940s. Last month the Air Force won congressional approval for a plan to supplement the current supply of synthetic jackets with genuine leather. Although several Congressmen grumbled about the \$7.4 million cost, Air Force Chief of Staff General Larry Welch argued that the jackets will enhance esprit de corps and perhaps improve lagging rates of re-enlistment.

### SCIENCE

## And the Winner Is...

The eager state contestants paraded themselves before the judges and touted their unique qualifications. It was not the Miss America pageant. The competitors were vying

for the right to house the world's most advanced subatomic particle accelerator, a \$4.4 billion project that will bring thousands of jobs and considerable prestige to the state that wins. Last week a joint committee of 21 scientists winnowed down the original 25 contestants to eight finalists: Arizona, Colorado, Illinois, Michigan, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

Energy Secretary John Herrington will announce the preferred site next summer. A major hurdle remains, however: following last week's elimination of 17 states, proponents fear that congressional enthusiasm for the project may collide with efforts to reduce the budget.

### FUGITIVES

## Back from The Dead

David Friedland was supposed to have drowned in a 1983 scuba-diving accident off the Bahamas. Last week the former New Jersey state senator and convicted extortionist was resurrected. After faking his watery death, Friedland, 50, spent 27 months as one of America's most wanted fugitives. Leading U.S. authorities on a long and costly chase across the globe, Friedland finally landed on the island of Male, in the Maldives archipelago off the coast of India.

There he was the flashy proprietor of a chain of upscale scuba-diving boutiques until his recent arrest by Maldivian authorities.

Arriving back in the U.S. under heavy security, Friedland had little time to enjoy his homecoming. Two days after his return, he began serving a seven-year outstanding jail sentence.

### TRANSPORTATION

## Gimme a Break!

One woman called it the worst landing she had ever experienced—and few of her fellow passengers would disagree. After a sharp descent through rain and fog last week, Eastern Airlines Flight 573 slammed so hard onto a runway in Pensacola, Fla., that the DC-9 broke in two, dragging the rear third of its fuselage nearly a mile. "I looked down and I saw the pavement and stripes going under me," said Kyle Barnhill, who was sitting directly over the 2-ft. crack. None of the plane's 100 passengers and five-member crew were seriously hurt. Eastern executives stoutly defended the plane's maintenance record and the "extensive experience" of the crew but were clearly embarrassed. Photographers were kept away from the damaged plane until an Eastern crew covered the company logo.



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## World

MIDDLE EAST

# Trials and Errors

*Israeli justice imposes an uneasy calm*

In the West Bank city of Hebron, 14 teenage boys were marched into an unheated courtroom and ordered to sit on a wooden bench. Their hands were bound with strips of clear plastic. Asked by the Israeli military judge if they were guilty of the rioting charges lodged against them, all pleaded innocent. They were herded out of court and back to a makeshift detention center in the nearby village of Dahariya to await trial. In another courtroom, in the city of Nablus, an army prosecutor urged the judge to be lenient with Nasser Zuhadi Kakmeh, 16, because the youth had been wounded in the leg while throwing stones and bottles at security forces and was now repentant. "I want to hear it from you," the judge told the defendant. After a long pause, Kakmeh replied, "I regret what I did. I'll never do it again." His sentence: 45 days in jail and a \$193 fine. On the Gaza Strip, the penalties were harsher. Many of those who pleaded guilty were jailed for three months and fined up to \$644. Outside a courtroom in Gaza City, an elderly Bedouin, stunned after learning of his young son's high fine, said bitterly, "I will have to beg for that."

Israel last week was dispensing turnstile justice, some of it compassionate, some of it harsh, most of it simply quick. After the worst Arab rioting in the country's occupied territories in nearly two decades, military authorities were determined to make speedy examples of the more than 1,000 demonstrators arrested, the vast majority of them Palestinian males between the ages of 14 and 35. The number of Arab fatalities rose to at least 22 after a 17-year-old Palestinian died of gunshot wounds sustained in one of the riots. The week brought a few fresh incidents of violence, but for the most part an uneasy calm settled over the Gaza Strip and West Bank communities that had erupted in rage for more than two weeks. "The riots in the territories will not hap-

pen again," vowed Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin. "Even if we have to use massive force, we will not allow last week's events to repeat themselves."

As Rabin spoke, the Israelis were in the midst of a military buildup of unprecedented size. Anticipating a new wave of demonstrations on New Year's Day, celebrated as the 23rd anniversary of the founding of the Palestine Liberation Organization (P.L.O.), authorities sent thousands of fresh troops into the territories. Gaza was patrolled by triple the usual number of soldiers, more than were used to seize the 140-sq.-mi. strip of land from Egypt during the Six-Day War in 1967. Troop strength in the West Bank was double the normal size. The strategy was effective: the anniversary passed without serious incident.

Some of those put on trial last week had been arrested during the riots and held in detention camps. More than 1,000 others were seized later in a series of carefully planned army and police raids on the homes of suspected protest organizers. Armed with lists of names obtained from confessions of those already under arrest or collected with the help of videotapes shot by army cameramen during the disturbances, troops carried out nighttime



Calculated show of force: border policemen inspect

raids in such restive refugee camps as Jabalia in Gaza and Balata near Nablus. In addition to their targeted prisoners, the raiders sometimes hauled in any male member of a household whose age made him suspect. Inside Israel proper, police took into custody more than 70 Israeli Arabs and charged them with fomenting disorder for participating in a strike staged two weeks ago to show solidarity with the Palestinians.

Israel governs the territories under laws dating from the British mandate of 1922 to 1948, when the land then known as Palestine was administered by London. Among other things, the code allows authorities to hold security detainees in "administrative custody," without trial, for up to six months. In the tumultuous days preceding Israel's achieving statehood in 1948, such provisions were frequently invoked against Jewish activists agitating for a British departure. With Israel coming under heavy criticism for violating in-



Justice delayed: Palestinian women demonstrate in Gaza for the release of prisoners



the identity papers of an Arab pedestrian in the Muslim quarter of Jerusalem's Old City

ternationally accepted standards of due process in its treatment of Arab prisoners. Rabin was only too happy to recall that history lesson. Said the Defense Minister: "I enjoyed reminding the BBC that the laws in force in the territories today are the laws the British left us."

Even so, Palestinians charged that the Israelis were perverting the laws. They claimed that beatings of prisoners were widespread and that Israeli soldiers urinated on detainees and inflicted other indignities. Even if many of the claims were exaggerated, and Israeli officials adamantly insisted they were, some Palestinians feared that a recent report by an Israeli Supreme Court commission might invite excessive zeal. In effect, the document endorses the use of "moderate" force by the internal-security agency Shin Bet in dealing with its prisoners.

Courtroom procedures were less than ideal. Palestinian lawyers charged that their clients were discouraged from attempting to prove their innocence out of fear of receiving harsher sentences if they demanded a trial and were found guilty. Since the standard \$644 fine for a number of acts of rioting is the equivalent of nearly a year's wages for many Palestinians, more than a few were reluctant to contest the charges. Two weeks ago Palestinian defense lawyers in Gaza protested these pressures by refusing to accompany their clients into court, and last week their colleagues in the West Bank followed suit. Said Gaza Attorney Khalid al Qudra: "We find no justice when we can only advise clients to be guilty." The legal boycott had no effect on the proceedings, which, court officials contended, met accepted standards of military justice even without defense lawyers present.

The most serious threat hanging over the Palestinian detainees is deportation, another legacy of British-mandate law. Since 1967 Israel has used that device to get rid of some 2,500 undesirable Palestinians, expelling them to neighboring states with large Palestinian populations. The practice is widely viewed as a violation of the fourth Geneva Convention, which establishes rules for the conduct of affairs in territory seized during wartime. Israel claims to abide by humanitarian provisions of the convention, but its courts have held that local laws supersede the international code on this matter. Said Rabin: "Deportation is part of our system." Late last week, authorities released more than 100 Palestinian detainees without trial and simultaneously announced that Israel had issued deportation orders against nine residents from the occupied territories. All nine were described as "leading activists and organizers" during the riots.



Part of the system: detainees mark time while awaiting trial in military court

Deportation is applauded by almost no one outside Israel. Jordan, which has granted citizenship to most West Bank Palestinians and has accepted some deportees in the past, announced last week that it would not permit their entry. Egypt, the only Arab state that recognizes Israel, foreclosed any possibility of receiving newly deported Gazans. Faced with those refusals, Israel would probably send its Palestinians to Lebanon.

The Reagan Administration deplored the possibility of deportations, continuing the public scolding that Washington has been giving Jerusalem since the riots began. U.S. Ambassador Thomas Pickering called on Rabin to warn him that Washington would be highly critical if Israel went ahead with the expulsions, which the U.S. views as illegal and fears would increase tensions in the occupied territories. But Israel refused to rule out a disciplinary measure that it regards as its single most effective weapon against Palestinian subversion. Said Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir: "We appreciate the American advice, but we will act as we judge best."

Israeli leaders also rejected criticism that the military, well trained in warfare, was ill prepared to handle riots and too quick to use lethal countermeasures. Rabin continued to insist that "whenever there is clear-cut danger to our troops, they have orders to use live ammunition." Army officials, however, announced that future draftees will be trained in crowd control and supplied with nonlethal riot gear, including rubber bullets, tear-gas grenades and defensive shields.

That decision underscored how sensitive Israel has become to the image it projects abroad, especially in the U.S. Israeli political figures complained bitterly that TV coverage in particular was distorted. Said former Israeli Ambassador to Washington Moshe Arens: "One cannot see on television that the soldiers would [have been] in great danger if they did not defend themselves." After seeing footage of the first few encounters, army officials ordered that patrol units in the territories be accompanied by foreign-language speakers who could deal with the press.

## World

THE GULF

### "Arrows to Our Chests"

As Iran blusters, the Arabs discuss defense

Beyond images, there was the much more substantial question of whether Israel truly understands the root causes of the riots. Rabin invited the protesters were the work of a few organized provocateurs, a view that may be shared by most Israelis. "There were instigators forcing kids to demonstrate, forcing people to close their shops," he said. "This unrest was organized by a few at the local level."

But to most Palestinians and some Israelis, such contentions represent a profound misreading. In their view, the riots were widely supported and spurred by a generation of Palestinian youth that has grown up under the occupation. These disaffected Palestinians are contemptuous of both the Israelis, who show no signs of ending their rule, and the P.L.O. leaders, who have been ineffectual in challenging it. "We have reached the point where we have nothing to lose," says Gaza Attorney Al Qudra. "It is not important whether we live or die if we do not have our rights."

Calling themselves the *shabab*, an Arabic word loosely translated as the "guys," this embittered, sullen generation has taken to the streets of the occupied territories spoiling for trouble. "We are a pot full of steam, and pressure must explode," says Mahmoud Hamaid, 32, one of the *shabab*, whose 22-year-old brother Khalid was killed in the rioting. "You can't decide when this explosion will take place. It is always there."

**M**eron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem who heads the West Bank Data Base Project, an independent research organization, is no advocate of Palestinian independence. But he believes government officials are ignoring reality when they deny there is widespread support for the Palestinian cause. "They're still trying to define it as the work of a small group of agitators," he says. "They can't admit that it's broadly popular because they will not face that problem." A number of U.S. Jews, profoundly disturbed by the riots and how they were handled, agree. Said Hyman Bookbinder, a longtime leader of the American Jewish Committee: "Most of us do understand the frustrations of the Palestinians, and we are sympathetic. We feel a responsibility to the young Palestinians, most of whom have spent their entire lives in anger, bitterness and disappointment. We know the situation has been allowed to drag on for too long."

If Rabin is right, the military and judicial shows of force that brought an uneasy calm to the occupied territories last week will continue to keep the Palestinians in check. If Benvenisti and Bookbinder are right, the Israelis have only bought a little breathing space, and no amount of jail time and fines will keep the West Bank and the Gaza quiet for very long.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Jerusalem and Nancy Traver/Washington

December was the cruelest month in the Persian Gulf. It brought attacks by Iran and Iraq on at least 29 commercial ships, the highest recorded monthly number since the tanker war began. At the gulf's northern end, the seven-year-old war between the two Islamic rivals threatened to take a menacing turn as Tehran boasted of its ability to produce chemical weapons and a long-range missile. Vowed Iranian Prime Minister Mir Hussein Mousavi: "The government is committed to allocating its full potential to the war effort."

Those words hardly comforted the leaders of the six-nation Gulf Coopera-

and antimissile personnel in Kuwait. Although Cairo is not ready to station troops in the gulf, the renewed solidarity between Egypt and the Arab states sends a cautionary signal to Tehran.

While still calling for a negotiated solution to the war, the summit communiqué accused Tehran of "prevaricating" over United Nations Resolution 598, which calls for a cease-fire between Iran and Iraq. The council demanded that the U.N. Security Council put into effect the arms embargo that the resolution provides for in the event of intransigence.

All the members of the U.N. Security Council, including China and the Soviet



A record number of attacks: the Cypriot tanker *Pivof* after it was hit last month

From the neighbors: cozying up to Egypt and calling for an arms embargo against Iran.

tion Council, which met last week in the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh to coordinate defense strategies. The six—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, Oman, Bahrain and the United Arab Emirates—fear that they will be drawn ever more deeply into the conflict. Iran has already launched Chinese Silkworm missiles against Kuwait. At the summit's opening, Saudi Arabia's King Fahd said the Iranians were "pointing their arrows to our chests instead of helping us to liberate Jerusalem from Zionist domination. There is no reasonable justification for this other than the desire for expansion."

To counter Iranian aggression, the gulf council reportedly raised the possibility of Egyptian military assistance. The entire council, except for Oman, had broken ties with Cairo when it made peace with Israel in 1979. Those relationships have now been restored. Next week Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, who has spoken of the "indivisible security" of his country and the gulf, will visit the region. Egyptian officers already train pilots

Union, signed a statement two weeks ago saying they were ready to impose an embargo. The Soviets had previously urged that the U.N. be given more time to negotiate with Tehran, while China had been supplying it with the Silkworms. Work on a draft of the actual embargo resolution is expected to begin this month.

The Reagan Administration, meanwhile, says it is willing to study a proposal by the Soviet Union to enforce the embargo with a U.N. naval blockade of the gulf. But the U.S. fears that the lengthy negotiations required to organize such a fleet may interfere with the undertaking of an embargo. Said White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater of the Soviets proposal: "We'll sit down and talk about enforcement measures. But we are slightly suspicious of any measure that tends to increase their involvement and decrease ours." That sentiment was just one more reminder of the larger interests at stake in the Iran-Iraq war.

—By Howard G. Chus-Eoan.  
Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Nancy Traver/Washington



## World

### AFGHANISTAN

# Fighting for the Road to Khost

*Rebel and government forces wage their fiercest battle in years*

The town is little more than an overgrown village, with ramshackle buildings huddled along dirt streets. Yet the road to Khost (pop. 15,000) was the scene last week of some of the most furious fighting in the Soviet Union's eight-year drive to crush Muslim rebels in Afghanistan. Although accounts of the battle differed, all reports indicated that Soviet and Afghan forces had mounted a desperate effort to break the latest guerrilla siege of Khost. Supported by Soviet Sukhoi-25 attack jets, an estimated 20,000 troops repeatedly struck rebel positions along the 50-mile highway that

connected 1 million Afghans have lost their lives. Weary of such bloodshed, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Igor Rogachev said last November that Moscow had made the "political decision" to pull out its 115,000 troops, but a timetable remains to be worked out.

Though government forces have occupied Khost since the beginning of the war, control of the surrounding area has shifted between the rebels and Soviet-backed troops. The mountain-ringed town lies just 21 miles from Pakistan, the main smuggling center for rebel supplies. Control of Khost would give the insur-

White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater expressed disappointment that the Soviets had launched an offensive instead of beginning a troop withdrawal. In a White House statement, President Reagan congratulated Mikhail Gorbachev on being named TIME's Man of the Year, but he also called on the Soviet leader to announce firm plans for a pullout. The State Department, though, speculated that Moscow may be planning to withdraw even as the fighting intensifies. Said one official: "It's entirely possible that the Soviets are planning to shorten the withdrawal timetable while the military people in Kabul are plugging away at the war. That's what they're ordered to do."

Washington dispatched Under Secretary of State Michael Armacost to Islamabad for weekend talks with Pakistani leaders on ending the war. Washington



Carrying rockets, food and clothing, a Soviet convoy heads south toward the provincial capital of Gardez

connects Khost and the provincial capital of Gardez.

Both sides claimed victory in the battle, which immediately became a symbol of the stalemated wider war. In a rare Moscow briefing on the Afghan conflict, Foreign Ministry Spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov said last Tuesday that government forces broke the siege and killed or wounded 1,500 rebels. Insurgent leaders in Pakistan called the statement a "bluff" and a "blatant lie."

Western diplomatic cables from the Afghan capital of Kabul seemed to back them up. The reports put guerrilla casualties at no more than 50 dead and several dozen injured. According to the dispatches, the rebels were in good spirits and had ample supplies, while the morale of Afghan soldiers was "very low" at the time of the attack. Medical authorities in the capital said "hundreds" of dead Soviet and Afghan soldiers were brought to Kabul two weeks ago, and spoke of a "record number" of casualties from the fighting around Khost.

Since the Soviet army invaded Afghanistan to prop up a Moscow-installed Communist regime in 1979, more than 20,000 Soviet fighters have died. An esti-

mates command of the border region and ensure a free flow of food, weapons and medical equipment.

The latest rebel siege began about six weeks ago, forcing Kabul to airlift up to 50 tons of food a night before rebel anti-aircraft fire halted the flights. To smash the blockade, Soviet and Afghan troops launched a major assault on Dec. 19. Sources said the attackers quickly punched through the Sataw Kandaw Pass on the twisting Gardez-Khost road. But the rebels soon dug in. With 6,000 to 10,000 guerrillas deployed along the road, the insurgents claimed to have halted the drive before it could pick up speed.

Afghan officials put a brave face on the fighting even while issuing contradictory statements. Sulayman Laeq, Minister for Tribal Affairs and Nationalities, reported early last week that the "security of the Gardez-Khost highway has now been ensured" and "traffic is now normal." Two days later, however, Radio Kabul said that "fierce" and "heavy" fighting was raging on the highway. On New Year's Eve, the station reported victory again and said that bunting-clad relief trucks were rolling into Khost.



and Islamabad will then present their views to the Soviets when United Nations-sponsored peace talks resume in Geneva, probably in February. While the U.S. and the Soviets both hope that the round will be the last, each side is holding to its position. The White House wants Moscow to withdraw completely in less than a year; the Soviets say they will do so only after the U.S. and other countries stop aiding the rebels.

At week's end Afghan government troops, backed by Soviet forces, penetrated the Khost blockade and Pentagon officials expected a second column to follow shortly. According to one line of Pentagon speculation, the Soviets "may be creating the circumstances to declare victory and go home." But even if they do precisely that, the rebels seem determined to maintain their supply routes from Pakistan and to secure enough weapons to continue fighting whatever Communist government the Soviets leave behind. The rebels may end their siege and melt into the rugged countryside around Khost, but they are virtually certain to return.

—By John Greenwald.  
Reported by Mohammed Aftab/Islamabad, with other bureaus

## World

NORTHERN IRELAND

### Days of Fear and Hope

*Ulster has little choice but to watch and wait*

In the police headquarters at Newry, County Down, Superintendent Gerry French of the Royal Ulster Constabulary frets over the calm. Nothing unusual is going on outside in the bustling, mainly Catholic town. Pedestrians stroll. Shoppers head for McEvoy's Fashion Store close by. But even the commonplace may impart fear in Ulster, and French knows that appearances are deceptive. In February 1986, mortar shells launched by the Irish Republican Army thundered down on the police station, killing nine officers as they ate their evening meal. Since rebuilt, Newry station is now a fortress, pro-

will stage a spectacular comeback to restore morale among its hard-line supporters.

French has been through Ulster's cycles of violence from the beginning. A close friend, who had joined the R.U.C. on the same day that French did, was killed in 1970, the first police victim of the I.R.A. Today French is responsible for some of the roughest terrain in Ulster, a stretch of 41 miles along the border with the Irish Republic that is part of "bandit country." The I.R.A. constantly uses the 291 crossings along the 280-mile border to escape manhunts, carry out ambushes



**Commonplace vigilance: shoppers in central Belfast walk past Defense Regiment soldiers**  
*Despite the death toll, the atmosphere is more relaxed than it has been for years.*

tection by thick concrete walls and a 30-ft.-high reinforced-steel fence. "I know they are out there plotting and planning," says French of the I.R.A. "It takes very few on their side to create havoc."

The past year has seen havoc enough. Sectarian violence claimed 93 lives, up from 61 in 1986, bringing the toll to 2,628 since 1969. Among the victims, 27 were members of the R.U.C., the British army and the Ulster Defense Regiment, the locally recruited, predominantly Protestant militia that assists in policing the province. On the other hand, the I.R.A. suffered its worst setbacks in years. It lost 22 men, including eight members of a single unit, and in November both the Protestant majority and the Catholic minority condemned the organization for its part in the bombing deaths of eleven civilians in Enniskillen. The I.R.A.'s troubles are no comfort, however, to officers like French. Sooner or later, they believe, the I.R.A.

and smuggle weapons and explosives.

As British army helicopters rattle over the border's farmlands, troops survey the countryside from 60-ft.-high watchtowers. With 10,000 British soldiers serving in ten battalions in Ulster, an army spokesman notes, "you get soldiers who are very young and want action. Where do they get it better than in Northern Ireland? They pick up infantry skills they could not get on any training course." The R.U.C. keeps in constant contact with the Garda Síochána, the police force of the Irish Republic. "There used to be a lot of ambivalence from Dublin about terrorism," says a high-ranking R.U.C. officer. "But not anymore." Says French: "If we mount an operation, they will block escape routes on their side. If we want their help, we get it."

The new spirit of cooperation arose with the signing of the historic Anglo-Irish accord in 1985. As a result of the

agreement, Dublin now has a say in the affairs of Ulster, while recognizing that British sovereignty in the province can be changed only through democratic means. Recently the Republic has sought to intercept clandestine arms shipments into both north and south. In November 7,000 Irish troops and police launched Operation Mallard, an extensive search through 50,000 homes near the border and in large cities like Dublin. The haul: four I.R.A. fugitives and a cache of 22 rifles, 15 revolvers, 13 shotguns, 4,000 rounds of ammunition and 25 bombs. They also found three I.R.A. underground bunkers, one of them as big as a house and equipped with electricity and ventilation. Early last month the Irish ratified a European treaty that should make it easier for Britain to request the extradition of suspected terrorists.

Fearing Dublin's interference, Protestants heatedly condemned the Anglo-Irish accord. Passions cooled as Britain firmly defended the treaty, and the Republic's influence did not grow as much as anticipated. Still, Protestants continue to oppose the treaty and have met with the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher six times in the past six months to negotiate an alternative to it. London is skeptical there will be one. Says a British official: "Mrs. Thatcher believes 200% that they cannot come up with an acceptable offer."

Despite police worries, the atmosphere in the provincial capital of Belfast is more relaxed than it has been for years. The city's bars and restaurants are thriving. During the holidays, a Protestant banner opposing the Anglo-Irish accord was altered from BELFAST SAYS NO to BELFAST SAYS NO! The province as a whole seems less tense. Unemployment is at 17.6%, down from almost 20% a year ago. British troops are visible only in the 15% of Northern Ireland where the I.R.A. is most dangerous. Aside from the bandit country, these areas include West Belfast and sections of Londonderry, where pro-terrorist graffiti are a common sight.

Perhaps because of the relative calm, seasoned terrorism experts in Belfast fear a fresh outbreak of violence. They know that the I.R.A. is deeply frustrated after nearly 20 years of fighting without achieving its main objective, British withdrawal. As the outrage shared by Catholics and Protestants alike over Enniskillen starts to fade, a new offensive could be in the works. "People are beginning to say that it hasn't changed a damn thing," says Ken Maginnis, Westminster M.P. for Fermanagh and South Tyrone, which includes Enniskillen. "Deep down, the mistrust between the two communities is still there." Says a Catholic parish priest in Belfast: "Every time there is a consensus, the I.R.A. delivers a reminder that it still has a vicious bite." And so Ulster watches and waits.

—By Howard G. Chao-Egan

Reported by Edmund Curran/Belfast

## In the Land of Mickey-San

*Celebrating the New Year in a different kind of shrine*

"It's as if we're taking the seeds offered from across the sea and cultivating them into our own Japanese garden," the long-beaked cartoon crane explains to the audio-animatronic figures of a little girl and her brother. "Culture doesn't just come; it develops slowly, richly. Generation after generation has to digest and refine these marvelous influences." The message may seem a little heavy for an amusement park, but the audience in the country's first revolving Carousel Theater is all ears. As the stage revolves, the sagacious bird launches into a lecture on the virtues of isolationism. Finally the Feathered One concludes, "People are like dreams," a huge red sun rises above the stage, and all the flesh-and-blood visitors to the Meet the World pavilion are ushered next door into a kind of epilogue to the show: a National Panasonic model of the ideal Japanese home of the future, featuring four members of a robot-simulated family, plus dog, attending to their own techno-gadgets. Tokyo Disneyland is not your average theme park.

Outside the pavilion's 21-TV lobby, a kimono-clad granny is being photographed in Goofy's welcoming embrace. White-collar workers in blue blazers and dark ties are shuffling around the lines for the world's only Cinderella Castle Mystery Tour. A girl in a warm-up jacket that reads IT IS ARGUED THAT DOUBLE SUICIDE IS THE SUBLIME CULMINATION OF LOVE placidly sips melon juice. Nothing disturbs the clean blue air except high tinkling cries of "Kawaii!" (Isn't it cute!) "Look," coos an extravagantly chic young mother to her three-year-old son, dapper in black leather pants, while his leather-

jacketed father records the scene on videotape. "Look over there at Mickey-san!"

In a country where ritual is often the closest thing to religion, Mickey-san's Imperial Palace has in less than five years become something of a national pilgrimage site. In 1987 roughly 1 million schoolchildren, who would previously have been taken to Japan's great historical sites, were brought to the park. Last week, as people across the nation gathered at shrines to usher in an auspicious New Year, Tokyo Disneyland stayed open for 36 straight hours, serving as a kind of alternative temple. By day's end 200,000 visitors had observed the country's most important holiday at its favorite playland.

All this may seem a far cry from Walt Disney's original conception. But in a deeper sense, it may be its ultimate realization. For if the Disney parks of Florida and California offer squeaky-clean visions of a perfect society, the Disneyland that flourishes in Tokyo is even cleaner and more utopian. Yet even as the Japanese version reproduces virtually every feature of its American models, it turns them into something entirely Japanese. Melvin, Buff and Max, the antlered commentators at the Country Bear Jamboree, speak in the grave basso profundos of Kurosawa samurai. Alice in Wonderland has Oriental features. Frontierland has been turned into Westernland ("The Japanese don't like frontiers," explains a park official), and Main Street has become the World Bazaar.

The central icon of this singular faith is, inevitably, Mickey Mouse, whose unfailing perkiness and elder-statesmouse status (recently celebrated in a 17-day 59th birthday party) assure him success in

a culture that has respect for old age and a soft spot for the cute. The little fellow's image is everywhere in Japan—on Mitsubishi bankbooks, in framed photos within Zen temples, even on Emperor Hirohito's wristwatch. "Mickey Mouse is an actor," explains the slogan on the cover of a Mickey Mouse diary, "and as such he can do anything; he can play any role."

One role he definitely plays is to support another of Japan's driving principles: pleasure as big business. Foot-high dolls of his consort Minnie in kimono go for more than \$60 in Tokyo Disneyland, and the number of ice creams sold there in a single year would, if piled up, reach 14 times as high as 12,388-ft. Mount Fuji.

In the end, though, what most distinguishes Tokyo Disneyland from its American forebears is its user-friendly audience. There are no screeching infants along its spotless walkways and no teenagers on the make. At closing time, after soft neon and colored lights have turned the place into a lovely fairyland, there is no frantic rush for the gates. Elegant secretaries and college boys in shirts bearing the vaguely anarchic slogan CIVIL RIGHT FREAK YOU KNOW UNIVERSITY EDUCATION stand in orderly lines until sweetly smiling cheerleaders lead the crowd forward in regimented squads.

So when the daily Parade of Dreams Come True culminates in a refrain of "Tokyo Disneyland is your land..." the line makes sense in more ways than one. Here, after all, is a flawlessly clean, high-tech, perfectionist model of the flawlessly clean, high-tech, perfectionist society. Small wonder, perhaps, that a couple of years ago, when a group of Japanese were asked what had given them the most happiness in life, more than half mentioned not marriage or family, nor work or religion or love, but simply, and inevitably, Disneyland.

—By Pico Iyer/Tokyo

Orderly crowds gather in front of a make-believe castle: Tokyo Disneyland is not your average theme park



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## World Notes



ART The Führer's Vienna watercolor and signature



BRITAIN A record-breaking Prime Minister looks ahead

### BRITAIN

## 3,164 Days and Counting

Two days after the fizz had gone out of the New Year's champagne, corks were ready to pop again in London. The occasion this time was Margaret Thatcher's 3,164th day in office, making her Britain's longest continuously serving Prime Minister this century. The previous record holder was Herbert Asquith, who occupied 10 Downing Street from 1908 to 1916. The achievement so pleased Thatcher, 62, that she postponed a trip to Africa to toast the occasion with her husband Denis. The Prime Minister has often dropped hints that she is prepared to "go on and on," raising speculation that she aims to break the British record for all time. The competition: Sir Robert Walpole, whose 21 consecutive years of service (7,620 days, to be precise) starting in 1721 make him the man to beat.

### SOUTH AFRICA

## Sic Transkei Gloria

In the grand scheme of apartheid, large blocks of territory would be settled with blacks and turned into "independent" satellites of Pretoria. Transkei, the first such state, was created in 1976 and has no interna-

tional recognition. Still, to Pretoria's chagrin, Transkei behaves like many other nations. It has scandals and corruption, and last week it had its second coup in three months.

Backed by Transkei's 8,000-man army, Major-General Bantu Homolisa announced the overthrow of Prime Minister Stella Sigau. In September, Homolisa had helped put Sigau in office by deposing George Matanzima, who had ruled the "republic" since 1979. Homolisa accused Sigau of corruption and bribery. As head of the new ruling military council, Homolisa advised Pretoria that he sought to "rectify the state of affairs for the good of all."

### COLOMBIA

## A Drug Kingpin Goes Free

The headline in the daily *El Tiempo* seemed to say it all: ONCE AGAIN THE MAFIA MAKES A FOOL OF COLOMBIA. The paper was denouncing the release from prison last week of Billionaire Jorge Ochoa Vasquez, 38, reputedly a leader of a crime cartel that supplies 80% of the cocaine consumed in the U.S. Ever since Ochoa was arrested at a roadblock on Nov. 21, Washington and Bogotá had been negotiating over his extradition to the U.S., where he is wanted on drug trafficking charges.

Precisely how Ochoa was

sprung remains murky. One of his attorneys reportedly showed up at Bogotá's La Picota prison with a writ for Ochoa's release signed by a Colombian judge. Given the overwhelming influence of drug lords in that country, the assumption was that Ochoa had either bought his way out of prison or had intimidated officials to ensure his freedom.

The U.S. response was unusually sharp. The State Department expressed its "disgust," and Attorney General Edwin Meese called the incident a "shocking blow to international law enforcement." The Drug Enforcement Administration's reaction was even more scathing. Said DEA Chief John Lawn: "I'm shocked at the cowardice shown by the government of Colombia."

### EAST AFRICA

## Back from The Brink

The two nations were moving close to war last week when Presidents Daniel arap Moi of Kenya and Yoweri Museveni of Uganda met at the Kenyan border town of Malaba. By the time the feuding leaders rose two hours later, the tensions were largely resolved. Said an elated Museveni: "All the problems have been ended."

Such an outcome seemed unlikely two weeks ago, when Kenyan troops killed 20 Ugan-

dan soldiers in border skirmishes. The fighting capped months of animosity over Ugandan charges that the pro-Western Moi was sheltering rebels against the Marxist-oriented Museveni regime. Responding that Uganda had sent 200 Kenyan boys to Libya for training to subvert his government, Moi closed the port of Mombasa to Ugandan goods.

### ART

## Signed by A. Hitler

In 1907 a young artist named Adolf Hitler applied for admission to the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. He was rejected. He tried again in 1908, and was once more turned down. Living in near poverty, he struggled on as a street-curb painter in Vienna. But then his career took another turn, and when he became Führer in 1934 he ordered his paintings rounded up and destroyed those he thought were forgeries. Several hundred works survived.

Last week a 9-in. by 15-in. watercolor of old Vienna signed "A. Hitler" was auctioned for \$36,000 in Louisville, but not before some two dozen people turned out to demonstrate against the sale. "The only reason the painting has value is because of his name, and his name was made as a mass murderer," said Protest Organizer J. Mary Sorrell.



## Economy & Business

# All the Fun Is Getting There

*The cruise industry rides a new wave of success*

As she steamed across the Atlantic last week, the majestic white passenger liner evoked memories of such grand old ships as the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie*. Yet this \$200 million craft, built at a French shipyard during the past 21 months, is very much a space-age creation. Cantilevered from her single smokestack, 14 stories above the waterline, is a flying cocktail lounge. Inside the ship, an atrium five decks high forms a main lobby, complete with glass elevators and towering fountains. There is nothing modest about the new ship, from her name, *Sovereign of the Seas*, freshly painted in bright blue letters across the bow, to her size. *Sovereign* ranks as the largest cruise liner in the world, capable of carrying 2,690 passengers and 750 crew members. The venerable *Queen Elizabeth 2*, by comparison, accommodates 1,909 passengers.

The *Sovereign*, scheduled to arrive in the Port of Miami this week to begin service for the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, is a glittering symbol of a new Golden Age for passenger ships. In the 1950s the onset of jet travel left the cruise industry dead in the water. But through the '80s the business has been growing at flank speed. Roughly 1.5 million North Americans took cruises in 1982; by 1987 that figure had doubled.

Cruising has developed a new identity and allure. The ocean liner, no

longer just a vehicle for getting from one continent to another and eating well along the way, has evolved into a floating amusement park, health spa and classroom. The ships, and the trips, are increasingly designed to suit the young and the restless.

Even October's stock-market crash and the cloudy economic outlook have so far failed to dampen the industry's robust bookings, which reached \$5 billion in 1987. One reason is that travelers no longer view cruises as an extravagant expense. Because many passenger lines are trying to lure more first-time, middle-class customers, prices have moderated in comparison with other types of vacations. Besides the traditional luxury cruises that cost a daunting \$400 to \$600 a day, many lines offer so-called contemporary excursions that run about \$140 to \$220 (including meals and activities).

Cruising's routes have changed drastically from a few decades ago. Only one ship, the *QE2*, still makes the regular transatlantic run from New York City to Southampton, England. Instead of connecting distant cities, many ships now embark from home ports nearer to the scenic waters in which they will cruise. Today the world's most crowded port for cruise liners is Miami, where 24 major ships glide in and out of the harbor as they pick up passengers for excursions in the busy Caribbean and points beyond. Other



booming ports are Los Angeles, where ships embark for the Mexican Riviera, and Vancouver, B.C., a departure point for Alaskan summer cruises.

While North America accounts for the vast majority of the world's cruising market, business is strong in other choice spots, from the Aegean Sea to the South Pacific. Even the Soviet Union has built a fleet of 27 ships, which carry mostly West European passengers on voyages in the Mediterranean, Black Sea and Baltic regions. Few Soviets are allowed to travel on the ships because the purpose of the fleet is to earn Western currency.

Though passenger ships once drew a mostly well-to-do, cosmopolitan crowd, the clientele has become far more diverse. Two factors, ironically enough, are cheap air travel and fly-cruise packages, which have made it easier for heartland residents to reach port cities. At the same time, cruise lines are spending as much as \$200 million a year, five times the amount of a decade ago, on advertising and



The world's largest liner, *Sovereign of the Seas*, will begin service in the Caribbean this month



promotion. Perhaps the biggest public-relations windfall of all was the TV series *The Love Boat*, which ran in prime time from 1977 to 1986 and is currently in syndication.

If a real-life *Love Boat* existed, she might be owned by Miami's Carnival Cruise Lines, the industry's largest and most trend-setting company. By offering low prices and lots of lively onboard entertainment, Carnival's seven "Fun Ships" command nearly 25% of the U.S. cruise business. The company was launched in 1974 by Ted Arison, now 63, an Israeli immigrant who had earlier helped start another major Miami operator, Norwegian Cruise Line.

With the business deep in the doldrums, Arison came along with an idea for festive cruising. But his company got off to a rough start when his first ship, the *Mardi Gras*, ran aground just beyond the Miami harbor on her maiden voyage, leaving the 300 travel agents aboard none too impressed. After a few shaky years,

however, Carnival decided to take its name seriously and make its boats so busy with activity that passengers would barely want to disembark at exotic ports. One spur was the rising cost of fuel in the 1970s, which boosted operating costs drastically. Says Arison's son Micky, 38, who serves as chief executive: "It started to make sense not to go full speed to ports of call. So we went slower and had fun along the way." Carnival installed casinos in all its ships, splashed the liners with bright colors and offered Las Vegas-style feathery-and-flesh shows.

Carnival's party atmosphere makes its ships popular with singles, but the smorgasbord of activities also appeals to a new kind of clientele: young families. "I want to skeet-shoot," enthused Kathleen Hickinbotham, a Fresno, Calif., schoolteacher, as she boarded Carnival's *Jubilee* recently for a cruise in the Caribbean with her husband Leslie and three children. Many ships offer putting greens and driving ranges (no need to retrieve the balls

**Taking a dip on Carnival's *Jubilee*, left, working out on Royal Caribbean's *Song of Norway*, top, and filling up aboard the Royal Viking *Sky***

from the water trap) as well as workout rooms for weight lifting and aerobics classes.

"The key word is choice," says Tor Stangeland, captain of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, which contains five nightclubs and two cinemas. "People want to have a large selection of things to do. That is why our ship got so big." One of the most fully packed ships is Cunard's *QE2*, which returned to the sea last April after a \$162 million refitting. Among the ship's amenities are a 24-hour IBM computer center with 16 terminals, a branch of Harrods, an American Express bank and a shopping promenade of boutiques, including Gucci, Dunhill and H. Stern.

Theme cruises are among the most popular attractions. The Seattle-based Holland America line offers a voyage for fans of Big Band music, which last year

## Economy & Business

# Out with the Old, In with the Blue

Financial markets gyrate as anxieties over the economy rise

featured concerts by Patty Andrews of the Andrews Sisters and Nanette Fabray. Norwegian Cruise Line has organized a magic-act voyage and several sports cruises in which passengers mingle with star athletes. Other trips have been designed specifically for chocolate lovers, wine tasters, backgammon players and country-music fans.

Some lines still deliver the old-fashioned, ultra-posh service reminiscent of the 1920s. Aboard the three ships of the San Francisco-based Royal Viking Line, which are among the few that still make extravagant, 100-day round-the-world cruises, passengers frequently don tuxedos and evening gowns. Perhaps the most luxurious ships of all are Cunard's *Sea Goddess I* and *Sea Goddess II*, on which a crew of 79 attends to just 116 passengers (daily rate: \$600 a person).

**T**hough the majority of today's cruise-line companies are U.S.-based, their profits do little to ease Washington's foreign trade deficit, since few of their ships fly the American flag. Carnival's ships, for example, are registered in Panama and Liberia. Most liners carry such flags of convenience for economic reasons: the companies can avoid U.S. corporate taxes and hire low-paid foreign crews. That strategy has its drawbacks. Under an 1886 federal law, foreign vessels are not permitted to transport people between ports in the U.S. A foreign ship that sails from New York City, for example, cannot pick up passengers in Miami en route to the Caribbean. This regulation has kept most foreign-flag firms out of Hawaii, where U.S.-registered lines are just beginning to take greater advantage of their unique ability to offer island-hopping excursions.

With the number of passengers up an estimated 11% in 1987 alone, the cruise industry has embarked on a shipbuilding binge that is likely to increase competition and may result in even more variety and better prices. All told, the number of available passenger berths on cruise ships is expected to jump from today's figure of 61,000 to some 77,000 by 1991. Carnival intends to launch three 2,000-passenger superliners, starting with the *Fantasy* next year. *Fair Majesty*, the first of three 1,400-passenger ships ordered by Silmar Cruises of Los Angeles, is scheduled to be delivered in January 1989.

The veritable armada of giant ships due to follow in the wake of *Sovereign of the Seas* could produce overcapacity in the industry and a shake-out sometime in the next few years. Already, many cruise lines offer discounts of up to 25% to keep their berths full. But the industry's leaders point out that only about 5% of the U.S. population has ever taken a cruise. They figure that there are enough potential cruise converts among the remaining 95% to pack the new megaliners, especially if those landlubbers keep watching *Love Boat* reruns. —By Stephen Koepf, Reported by Wendy Cole/New York and Don Winbush/Miami

**U**shered in with upbeat forecasts and a general mood of economic confidence, 1987 went out on a harsh note of uncertainty and apprehension. Last week the dollar went the way of the New Year's Eve ball in Times Square—down. Its descent pummeled the stock market and fanned fears about America's economic future. Retailers said consumers were cautious during the Christmas shopping season. The usual last-minute buying surge averted a disaster, yet sales in November and December were lackluster at best.

Most troubling was the continuing decline of the dollar, which hit its lowest level in more than 40 years against the Japanese yen and the West German mark. On New Year's Eve, the dollar fetched only 121 yen, vs. 159 yen a year ago. The plunge was especially unsettling because it came less than a week after the Group of Seven (the U.S., Britain, Canada, France, Italy, Japan and West Germany) issued a statement saying the dollar had fallen far enough. The central banks of

some of these nations have been buying dollars heavily in exchange markets, but currency traders doubt that intervention can keep the greenback stable for long.

The markets also shrugged off a statement issued by the White House. Its major point: "The United States wants to see stability in the dollar." Despite such jawboning, the world's money men seem convinced that the dollar cannot strengthen as long as the U.S. trade deficit, estimated at a record \$175 billion in 1987, keeps rising. Says Japanese Finance Minister Kiichi Miyazawa: "There may be a feeling that one cannot quite believe that the U.S. trade balance is really going to improve."

Anxiety over the dollar quashed a year-end stock rally. Just two weeks ago the Dow Jones industrial average broke 2000 for the first time since Nov. 2. But last week the Dow sank 61 points. It closed 1987 at 1938.83, up 43 points for the year.

**C**onsumer confidence has suffered along with the market. Reports indicate the dollar value of Christmas sales will wind up 2% to 5% higher than 1986 levels. Because inflation was an estimated 4% to 5% in 1987, sales volume was thus essentially flat. Many stores did well, but it generally took steep discounting to entice shoppers to buy. Even on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive, signs proclaimed price cuts of up to 50%. Says Faye Ahlrahi, assistant manager of the *Chateleine* boutique on Rodeo: "If you didn't have a sale, you didn't make money." The situation is unlikely to improve soon. Says Bernard Brennan, president of the 315-store Montgomery Ward chain: "We think next year is going to be difficult."

If consumer spending continues to falter, a recession could follow. One barometer of future trends, the index of leading economic indicators, fell 1.7% in November, its steepest slide in more than six years. Economists noted, however, that falling stock prices accounted for much of the decline. The fate of the economy may depend on what happens to the trade balance. Most experts expect that the dollar's fall will lead to a surge in exports and a drop in imports. If that happens, less domestic consumer spending will be needed to keep the economy healthy. "There is a risk of recession in 1988," concedes Lawrence Chimerrine, chairman of the WEA economic forecasting firm in Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. "But my bet is we'll just scrape past it." Not exactly optimism, yet with the year off to a sputtering start, it will have to do.

—By Gordon Bock

Reported by Raji Sanghabadi/New York and David Wilson/Los Angeles



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A.H. Robins' popular line of household products keeps the firm profitable

## So What If It's Bankrupt?

France's Sanofi wins Robins with a \$3 billion bid

Even in the era of corporate raiders, when almost any company smaller than General Motors is fair game, A.H. Robins seemed to be an unlikely target. The Richmond pharmaceutical firm has been bogged down in Chapter 11 bankruptcy proceedings since 1985, and faces billions of dollars in claims from women who say they were injured by Robins' Dalkon Shield, a small plastic intrauterine birth-control device. Yet in the past few weeks suitors lined up as if Robins had discovered a cure for cancer. Two U.S. drug companies (Manhattan-based American Home Products and the Rorer Group of suburban Philadelphia) and one foreign pharmaceutical and cosmetics house (Sanofi of Paris) made offers for Robins. As the bids proliferated, a federal bankruptcy judge gave Robins a Jan. 6 deadline to pick a suitor and file a reorganization plan.

Late last week, after the Robins board of directors met for an extraordinary 5½



The Dalkon Shield

hours on New Year's Eve and nearly six hours on New Year's Day, the company announced that the winner of the bidding battle was Sanofi. The second largest French drug company, which manufactures everything from Nina Ricci perfumes to pills that fight hardening of the arteries, will pay \$3.08 billion. The price includes \$600 million for a 58% interest in Robins and \$2.48 billion that will be put into a trust fund to pay damages to Dalkon Shield claimants.

Why did Sanofi and the other bidders rush for Robins? The answer lies in such mundane but popular household items as Robitussin and Dimetapp cold medicines, Chap Stick lip balm and Sergeant's flea-and-tick collars. Those are among the products that make Robins one of the most profitable bankrupt companies in history. In the first three quarters of 1987, Robins earned \$60 million on sales of \$621 million, compared with profits of \$55 million on revenues of \$579

million during the same period of 1986.

But the continuing success of Robins' products has been overshadowed by one costly, disastrous mistake. Introduced in 1971, the Dalkon Shield had to be withdrawn from the market in 1974 after reports that the device was causing such problems as infertility and life-threatening pelvic infections. By August 1985, when Robins started bankruptcy proceedings to protect itself from a torrent of lawsuits, it had paid \$500 million in damages to 9,500 claimants, and 5,100 cases were still pending.

In 1986 the bankruptcy court required Robins to conduct a media campaign to alert all Dalkon Shield users about its dangers. That resulted in 190,000 more claims that have to be settled. Last month Judge Robert Merhige Jr. of the U.S. District Court in Richmond ordered the company to put \$2.48 billion into a trust fund to cover Dalkon Shield claims. That is not an absolute cap on what Robins will have to pay, but it represents the best estimate of the company's liability.

Merhige's ruling removed much of the uncertainty surrounding Robins and encouraged the flurry of takeover bids. Right through New Year's Day, the contestants kept raising the ante. American Home Products, the maker of Anacin headache tablets, reportedly offered \$3.08 billion, as Sanofi did. But A.H.P. wanted all of Robins, while Sanofi was content with 58%. The last announced bid from Rorer, the manufacturer of Maelox antacid, was valued at \$2.98 billion.

The Robins-Sanofi deal still leaves the Dalkon Shield claimants in limbo. They are concerned because Merhige said he would allow an undefined "reasonable" period for the newly structured firm to settle its claims. Some victims of the Dalkon Shield may not see a penny for years to come.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and Don Winbush/Atlanta

## Outlawing a Three-Wheeler

On countless occasions the Government has ordered defective autos and trucks recalled. But last week the Justice Department, backed by the Consumer Product Safety Commission, went a long step beyond that. In an unprecedented action, it outlawed future sales of an entire mode of transportation: three-wheel all-terrain vehicles.

The rugged gasoline-powered machines, which also come in four-wheel models, look something like a cross between a motorcycle and a dune buggy. Costing an average of \$2,000, they can cruise up to 50 m.p.h. and negotiate some of the toughest terrain around, from sand dunes and rock-strewn hills to marshy lowlands. They are also exceedingly dangerous. Nearly 7,000 people are injured in ATV accidents

each month, and an estimated 900 people have been killed over the past five years. Many of the victims are young children, who do not need a license to drive ATVs because they are designed for off-road use. The ATV manufacturers, which include Honda and Kawasaki, agreed to the ban but continue to insist that the bikes are safe if ridden properly.

As stern as the Government's action was, ATV critics are not satisfied. Consumer groups and some Congressmen contend that Washington should recall all of the 1.5 million three-wheel ATVs still in use in the U.S. and force manufacturers to give purchasers a refund. Says James Florio, Democratic Congressman from New Jersey: "How can anyone truly concerned with safety in effect say 'Tough luck' to people who currently own these unsafe vehicles?" Government officials defend their action, maintaining that a recall would cause a lengthy court battle.



An ATV in action at a California rally

Photographed at Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt  
National Historic Site, Hyde Park, N.Y.



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## Business Notes



HOLLYWOOD **King Kong Lives**



RAILROADS The Southern Pacific line could soon have a new owner



IMPORTS **M-1 target practice**

### MEXICO

## A Debtor's Swap Meet

The U.S. has long officially kept up the increasingly shaky pretense that the Third World's \$1 trillion debt should eventually be repaid in full. But now the Treasury Department has collaborated with the Mexican government and New York City's Morgan Guaranty Trust in devising a novel relief plan. The proposal calls for U.S. lenders to make voluntary concessions that could scale back Mexico's \$106 billion in debts by as much as \$10 billion.

Under the plan, U.S. banks would swap their Mexican debts at a markdown of as much as 50% for new bonds that pay a somewhat higher interest rate. Despite the loss that banks would take in the trade, the new Mexican paper would be considered more secure and negotiable than the old debts. Reason: before issuing its new securities, Mexico would buy \$2 billion in U.S. Treasury bonds that would be worth \$10 billion when they mature in 20 years. The U.S. bonds would then serve as collateral for the new Mexican paper. While the proposal may be a breakthrough in the debt standoff, the \$10 billion in loan relief would still leave Mexico with a daunting load. Moreover, the scheme may not be readily adaptable for such other debtor nations as Brazil

and Argentina, which cannot match Mexico's relatively healthy \$15 billion in foreign currency reserves.

### HOLLYWOOD

## The Downfall Of Dino

Producer Dino De Laurentiis is known for some oversize movies, among them *Conan the Barbarian* and the 1976 remake of *King Kong*. But now the flamboyant founder of the De Laurentiis Entertainment Group is in colossal trouble with creditors, whom his company owes \$122.6 million. Only a year ago Wall Street speculators were pouring money into the Beverly Hills-based firm, but it lost \$20.5 million during the six months ending in August, thanks in part to such flops as *Tai-Pan* and *King Kong Lives*. To raise cash, the company is struggling to find buyers for its library of more than 350 movies and its 32-acre studio in North Carolina.

### RAILROADS

## New Coupling On the Rails

The idea of a railroad as small as the Denver & Rio Grande Western (2,500 miles of track) trying to swallow one as big as the Southern Pacific (13,000

miles) conjures up memories of the *Little Engine That Could*. Yet the Rio Grande has emerged as the front runner in a heated competition to acquire Southern Pacific.

Four years ago Southern Pacific agreed to merge with the Santa Fe railroad to form what would be the second largest U.S. line, after Burlington Northern (25,500 miles). The Interstate Commerce Commission, though, ruled that the combination stifled competition and that the new Santa Fe Southern Pacific Corp. must dispose of one of its lines. Last week the company said it would sell the Southern Pacific to the Rio Grande for \$1.8 billion, creating the fifth biggest U.S. railroad.

The Rio Grande line, which runs from Utah to Missouri, is a good match for the Southern Pacific system, which stretches from Oregon and California over to Texas and Louisiana and up to Missouri. But opponents of the deal may try to persuade the ICC to block it. Kansas City Southern Industries wants to buy Southern Pacific, and so do union leaders representing the railroad's employees.

### IMPORTS

## Shoot-Out over Recycled Rifles

It lacks the intrigue of the Iran arms deal, but the case of the Korean M-1 rifles has stirred a

controversy on Capitol Hill just the same. Since 1984 Blue Sky Productions, a small Arlington, Va., arms dealer, has been trying to import up to 200,000 American-made M-1s that the U.S. Army shipped to South Korea during World War II and the Korean War. The company hopes to reap as much as \$30 million by buying the rifles for \$150 apiece and selling them to antique-gun collectors for \$300. But the Treasury Department has barred the deal under the provisions of the Arms Export Control Act. In the agency's view, it is illegal—not to mention ironic—for a company to sell Americans guns that the U.S. gave to a foreign country.

Enter Congressman Bill Chappell, a Florida Democrat, who introduced a measure to allow importation of the M-1s. Chappell contends that a check of the rifles' serial numbers shows that they were sold, not given, to the Koreans. The Congressman said he was trying to help a business that has been victimized by an overly restrictive interpretation of the law. Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio objected that Chappell's bill was "designed to help one group of people make millions."

In the end, Congress included a provision in the new budget law that permits the rifles to be imported but also gives the Administration 20 days to quash the deal. By Jan. 12 the Treasury must decide whether gun buffs can add the M-1s to their collections.

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# Technology

## When in Doubt, Check It Out

*Brave new spying devices make the world safer for arms control*

Interest in Mikhail Gorbachev's long goodbye speech to the American press last month was starting to flag when the General Secretary made an offhand remark that brought heads up with a snap. The technology exists, he said, that would permit the superpowers to spot nuclear weapons on each other's ships and submarines without having to climb on board. According to Gorbachev, this technique would "identify not only the presence but also the capacity of the nuclear warheads aboard such vessels." Come again? Have the Soviets managed to develop a spy satellite that can peer through the hull of a Trident submarine?

Not exactly. Senior Administration officials close to the negotiations say the capability claimed by the Soviets is based on familiar, not revolutionary technology. The Soviet proposal is to approach suspect vessels by helicopter or ship and bombard them with high-energy neutrons emitted by portable particle accelerators. These neutrons would provoke fission reactions within any nuclear warheads on board and release detectable streams of neutron and gamma-ray emissions. The scheme is feasible, say U.S. experts, but could be foiled by shielding the warheads with thick layers of water and wax. "We looked at that technology very, very carefully a couple of years ago," says one U.S. official, "and we are skeptical."

But Gorbachev's proposal, and the reaction it stirred in Washington, served to underscore the role that surveillance technology plays in arms control. *Glasnost* is nice, but the suc-

cess of an agreement like the new ban on intermediate-range nuclear weapons depends upon electronic eyes and ears that make sure both sides keep the deal. "Verification has always defined the outer frontiers of what we can achieve in arms control," says Kenneth Adelman, former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and a prominent adviser to President Reagan. "We can control effectively only what we can verify."

The U.S. spends an estimated \$15 billion a year on high-tech snooping techniques that can monitor Soviet activities in fine detail. Among them:

**PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE.** Satellites in the top-secret Keyhole series and high-flying aircraft like the U-2 and SR-71 scour the Soviet countryside with sharp-eyed optical and video cameras that can pick out a football-size object from 500 miles. Beamed to earth electronically, the satellite images are enhanced by computers

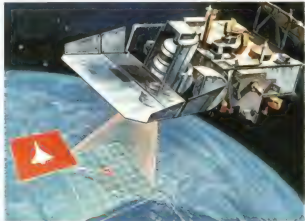
that can compare them with earlier pictures and show only those objects that have entered or left the area.

**INFRARED SENSORS.** Several satellites, including an advanced craft called Teal Ruby that is being prepared for launch, have detectors that are sensitive to the infrared frequencies of the electromagnetic spectrum. These sensors can determine the size and shape of Soviet test warheads from the radiation they emit as they streak through the atmosphere. Pictures taken with film sensitive to infrared emissions are especially useful for spotting missiles or launch vehicles that have been camouflaged on the ground to look like vegetation.

**RADAR.** Powerful ground-based radar stations can track objects the size of basketballs from up to 2,000 miles away. The Cobra Dane station in

Alaska monitors missiles launched from the Soviet mainland, while Pave Paws radar systems from California to Cape Cod watch for sea-launched warheads. The new Lacrosse satellite will carry lightweight radar systems that can penetrate heavy cloud layers and monitor Soviet ground activity at night.

**LISTENING POSTS.** Whenever the Soviets launch test missiles, ground controllers monitor and direct the flight by sending and receiving signals in the form of radio waves and microwaves. Those signals can be picked up by a variety of listening posts, including low-flying "ferret" satellites, ships loaded with antennas and a network of ground stations in countries that are close to the Soviet Union, such as Norway and China. By monitoring radio frequencies and telephone calls carried on microwaves, the listening posts can also eavesdrop on a broad range of Soviet military communications. Information can be gleaned, for example, on the movement of mobile weapons systems.



Artist's conception of Teal Ruby using infrared sensors

Can the Soviets peer inside the Trident's hull?



**SEISMIC DETECTORS.** The U.S. has set up a worldwide network of seismic detectors, like those used to measure earthquakes, that can gauge the explosive force of large underground nuclear tests in the Soviet Union. Later this month an American science team will travel to Moscow to begin working out an agreement under which the U.S. could install a more accurate detection device near the test sites. The new system, called Cortex, would allow the U.S. to measure nuclear blasts that are too small to be clearly identified from seismic data alone.

How does Soviet verification hardware stack up against this sophisticated array? Western experts say the Soviets use most of the same technologies but in cruder form. Some of their spy satellites still parachute film to earth for processing, instead of beaming pictures electronically. But the Soviets make up with quantity what they lack in quality. The U.S. has only two Keyhole satellites in operation, while Moscow orbited 31 Cosmos surveillance satellites in 1986 alone.

The Soviets insist, and most U.S. experts agree, that the technology both sides have in place is capable of adequately verifying compliance with the current arms-control treaties. But some troublesome shortcomings remain. For one thing, future agreements will have to deal with mobile weapons and sea-launched cruise missiles, both of which are particularly difficult to monitor. Figures supplied by the Kremlin in connection with last month's summit revealed 84 Soviet ground-launched cruise missiles that the U.S. did not know existed.

**D**etecting weapons in space—or documenting their absence—raises more verification obstacles. The U.S. has begun preparing a new generation of satellites whose sensors will be aimed not at the earth but at the vast expanse beyond its atmosphere. One of the first due off the drawing board is an experimental bird called Starscan, scheduled for launch in 1991. It will approach orbiting objects and test for the radiation given off by nuclear devices. But the new satellites will have a harder time establishing the presence of space-based lasers and particle-beam weapons like those proposed as part of President Reagan's Star Wars missile defense initiative. Says John Pike, a space-technology expert with the Federation of American Scientists: "Effective verification of space-based defense virtually requires cooperation from the Soviets."

Ultimately, technology can take arms control only so far. The biggest concern raised by negotiators of the recent treaty was the verification of those provisions beyond the scope of surveillance technologies. Satellites can count missiles and silos and bombers, but they cannot monitor the disassembly of nuclear warheads. To be assured that this is done, both sides were forced to rely on on-site inspections and the most sophisticated technology of all: the human eye. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.

Reported by Jay Peterzell and Bruce van Voort/Washington

## Education

### Wanted: Fresh, Homegrown Talent

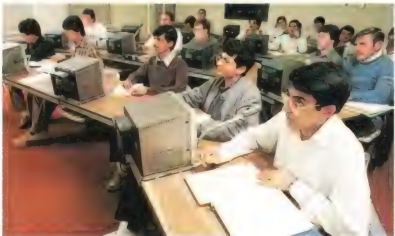
*Foreigners are swamping graduate science schools*

**A**t a time when American education more often disappoints than uplifts, at least one bright spot stands out: the U.S. graduate schools of engineering, science and math. "We have the best," brags Dean Ettore Infante of the University of Minnesota's Institute of Technology. One result is that students are flooding to the U.S. schools from all parts of the globe. Says Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, chairman of the international committee for Carnegie-Mellon: "I think America is becoming a university of the world."

But the rising wave of foreigners is causing concern in academe. In no other field has the influx been so pronounced as in graduate engineering. An extraordinary 55.4% of last year's doctorates went to candidates from overseas (at Penn State the fig-

private industry and the \$30,000-plus starting pay. Foreigners who make the effort to come to the U.S. tend to stick it out for their doctorates. This will be reflected in the composition of future U.S. faculties. By 1992, Iowa State University President Gordon Eaton predicts, "somewhere between 75% and 93%" of engineering professors will be foreign born.

More than half the foreign students remain in the U.S., which thereby enjoys the fruits of an overseas brain drain. Still, many U.S. universities are closing the door. The University of Illinois' graduate engineering program, for example, has a 20% quota for foreign students. Responding to pressure from state legislators, Berkeley Engineering Dean Karl Pister admits, "We have tried, in a systematic way, to trim down the



Elite invaders: engineering candidates from overseas predominate

ure was 74%). "To a casual observer coming to our commencement," says Caltech Dean Arden Albee, "it looks like we're probably three-quarters Asian."

The offshore invasion—mostly from Asia—has brought with it no dilution of quality. University of Wisconsin Dean John Wiley notes that foreigners who apply for master's and Ph.D. programs "are the top 1% of the cream of the crop." But the pressure from these foreign candidates comes when bright young Americans seem less interested in higher technical education. Says Charles Vest, dean of the College of Engineering at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor: "That reflects the general tendency in U.S. society for doing things in the short run."

Because stipends for fellowships in Ph.D. programs are so low (averaging \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year), more and more hungry degree candidates are opting for

number of foreign students"—to 37% from last year's 41%.

But quotas and bans on aliens are hardly a desirable solution. On Capitol Hill some progress has been made toward the more positive goal of encouraging gifted Americans. Measures are under way in Congress that would increase graduate-fellowship aid from \$115 million to \$150 million next year, provide \$95 million for upgrading university research facilities by 1990, and raise federal support for math and science education in elementary schools from \$80 million to \$150 million.

Such assistance cannot come too soon. Not only are university faculties running out of homegrown talent, but recruiters for some of the country's leading technological firms say they are unable to find a single qualified American to hire. —By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Robert Buder/Boston and B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit

## Health & Fitness

### Dark Days, Darker Spirits

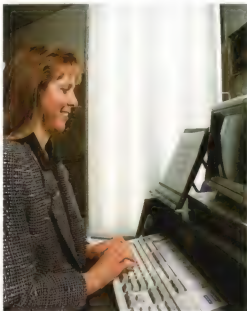
Get the blahs every winter? You may be a SAD victim

Nell Krabacher lived happily with her husband in Anchorage throughout the spring and summer of 1986. Then came the fall. As the days grew shorter, her spirits darkened. The ex-aerobics instructor, then 30, began gorging on carbohydrates, became increasingly lethargic, and would burst into tears for no apparent reason. By November, when daylight lasted only seven hours, Krabacher had gained 20 lbs. "There were some days," she recalls, "when all I could do was get out of bed and get on the couch and stare until the sun came up." Miserable and panicked, Krabacher fled to her former home in Southern California. Her symptoms soon disappeared.

She returned to Anchorage in the spring, and once more everything was fine. Until this fall, that is, when her mystifying gloomy feelings resurfaced. "All of a sudden I found myself obsessed with getting out of here," says Krabacher. "I didn't want that." Instead, she sought help at a local clinic, where she received a novel prescription: sit in front of a bank of bright lights for several hours a day. Within a week she was back to her normal sunny self. Says Krabacher, who now basks in fake sunlight each day at the desk in her office: "I'm finally having a good winter up here."

Krabacher suffers from SAD, short for seasonal affective disorder, a syndrome characterized by severe seasonal mood swings. "This is more than the winter blahs," says Psychiatrist Carla Hellekson of Fairbanks. "This is something that needs to be taken care of." Researchers at the National Institute of Mental Health began studying and defining the syndrome in the early 1980s; it received formal acceptance this spring, when it was included for the first time in the American Psychiatric Association's bible, the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (Third Edition). Says NIMH Research Psychiatrist Norman Rosenthal, a pioneer in SAD studies: "People who suffer from depression are less able to cope with stresses that knock them out of equilibrium; they can't roll with the punches. We have now expanded that idea from psychological stresses to the physical environment."

Typically, SAD sufferers become clinically depressed with the approach of winter. Besides gaining weight, oversleeping and being listless, they withdraw socially, lose interest in sex and feel anxious and irritable. As spring approaches, depres-



Office pick-me-up: Nell Krabacher basks in sun-box rays

sion subsides and behavior returns to normal. In fact, some people become downright euphoric during the long days of July and August. Carl Harris, 37, of Takoma Park, Md., whose winter plaint is "If I were a bear, I'd hibernate," finds in summer that he needs only four hours of sleep a night and can work two or three jobs at once. Latitude appears to be as important as season: the incidence and se-

verity of SAD increase with distance from the equator, peaking at around 40° north. "It's as if there's a 'biological equator,'" explains Psychiatrist Thomas Wehr, head of NIMH's psychobiology branch.

With research in its infancy, investigators can only guess at the number of SAD victims—in the U.S., the figure is estimated at anywhere from 450,000 to 5 million—and they caution against making SAD the new fad disorder. Experts say the syndrome, which afflicts about four times as many women as men, usually appears in the early 20s. But the malady has been diagnosed in children as young as nine. Child Psychiatrist William Sonis of the University of Pennsylvania, who in a 1985 survey found that 6.5% of 1,000 students at a suburban Minnesota high school had SAD, says that too often "the symptoms are attributed to school-related issues, like the seventh- or tenth-grade blump." Or they are ascribed to behavior problems. "The most prevalent symptom among children is irritability," says Sonis. "Kids said they picked fights and they didn't know why." The clue that their problems are due to SAD: depression recurs year after year.

What causes SAD is a mystery. Experts suspect there is a genetic factor, because more than two-thirds of those with the syndrome have a close relative with a mood disorder. Also baffling is the exact role that the absence or presence of light plays in seasonal mood shifts. Among the theories: a disturbance in the body's natural clock and abnormal production of melatonin, a hormone manufactured in the brain, and serotonin, a chemical that helps transmit nerve impulses.

The only certainty so far is that light therapy relieves SAD. Sufferers readily pay around \$400 for a sun-box, a device containing several fluorescent light tubes that emit the full spectrum of natural light at five to ten times the intensity of indoor lighting. Says Hellekson: "The light you get is about equivalent to standing one inch away from a window on a sunny spring day." Because light seems to affect the body through the eyes and not the skin, tanning therapy doesn't work. Rosenthal points out. Some patients spend from 30 minutes to five hours daily soaking up the sun-box rays. For Dalene Barry, 44, of Washington, who each winter used to endure near suicidal depressions and weight gains of up to 40 lbs., light therapy has been liberating. "It's like a gift someone's given me," she declares. "I get four months a year back that I never had."

—By Anastasia Toulfex

Reported by Glenn Garolli/Washington and David Postman/Anchorage

### Cold Comfort

Winter depression is only one type of seasonal mood disorder. Some people, reported the *American Journal of Psychiatry* last month, become depressed in July and August—and ecstatic in winter. The apparent trigger: high summer temperatures. Researchers are unsure whether reverse SAD sufferers just can't take the heat or the sun forces them to retreat to shaded rooms, where they become light deprived. Some patients improve with changes in the levels of light, others with colder temperatures. One woman's solution: stay in frigid air-conditioned rooms and take 15-minute cold showers several times a day.

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# Medicine

## When Guinea Pigs Become Patients

*Ailing animals now rate treatments developed for their masters*

Without extensive tests on animals, many of medicine's most spectacular advances, from antibiotics to heart transplants, would never have occurred. But increasingly, the tables have been turned: the guinea pigs have become the patients. Today veterinarians treat cancer, implant artificial joints, even perform open-heart surgery. Animal medicine in the U.S. has been transformed into a \$5 billion industry that rivals human health care in sophistication. Says Franklin Loew, dean of the Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine in North Grafton, Mass.: "There are no technical boundaries to the application of human medicine to animals."

Four-legged patients are treated for conditions that just a few years ago would have meant putting them to death. The Coast Pet Clinic of Hermosa Beach, Calif., ministers each month to 50 new cases of cancer, primarily in cats and dogs, with a combination of surgery, chemotherapy and radiation. At Tufts, plastic surgeons graft skin onto badly burned animals. Vets at special wildlife clinics monitor birds for internal bleeding by taking their blood pressure with cuffs similar to those developed for people. Pets even benefit from therapies not yet available to their upright companions. Veterinary Cancer Specialist Ann Jeglum of the University of Pennsylvania, for example, uses promising antitumor vaccines, still in the testing stage for people, to treat dogs with lymphoma and cats with breast cancer.

Already the day of the bionic dog has arrived. For the past three years Tufts Veterinary Surgeon Randy Boudrieu has implanted artificial hips in dogs whose own joints no longer work because of malformation, arthritis or injury. Canine hip problems are fairly common. Boudrieu explains, especially in such larger breeds as retrievers, setters, German shepherds and Rottweilers. The operation, which is now offered by only a few animal clinics nationwide, can cost as much as \$1,500, or one-tenth the price of a similar human procedure.

For pooches with an irregular heartbeat, there are human pacemakers. In St. Petersburg, the Pinellas Animal Foundation supplies donated human pacemakers to vets who request them for needy canines. Mrs. Florence Myers, 84, who once owned a dachshund, plans to donate her \$8,000 pacemaker to the foundation when she dies. Says she: "I just feel it would be nice if someday some dog could use it."

Valuable race horses have long been prime candidates for sophisticated medical techniques. Until recently, however, even a spectacular champion like Ruffian, the filly who was unbeaten during her brief career in 1974 and 1975, had to be put to death after shattering a leg. No more. By screwing metal plates into the broken bones, a practice adapted from human orthopedics, surgeons can repair the damage well enough for the animals to stand comfortably after the operation without a splint. (Earlier attempts frequently failed when the high-strung animals destroyed their casts, reinjuring their legs.) At Tufts, rehabilitation after surgery includes therapy on a gaited treadmill that can be set from a walk to a hard gallop. After recovery, many of the animals return to racing; otherwise, they serve their owners lucratively as brood mares or by standing at stud.

Preventive veterinary medicine is burgeoning. Animal doctors now routinely use X rays and other imaging techniques to detect nearly invisible hairline cracks in horses' legs before fractures occur. For tendon and ligament injuries, says University of Pennsylvania Veterinarian Virginia Reef, "diagnostic ultrasound has been a big boon in racing and horse-show circles." Racing has become such big business that young horses increasingly compete regularly when they are only two years old, before their bodies are fully mature. Equine Specialist Howard Seeherman of Tufts uses the treadmill to condition yearlings in order to reduce injuries and improve performance. Says he: "There are so few months between their first saddling and their first race that most young horses need specialized training."

Professional animals have been covered by insurance for years. But who foots the growing medical bill for the high-tech treatment of pets? Many clinics provide advanced cancer treatments at a reduced fee to dogs and cats as part of collaborative studies with nearby medical schools. To pay for more traditional therapies, owners in some areas can now purchase pet health insurance, starting at \$44 a year for puppies. The plans do not cover such routine care as vaccinations or neutering, but they pay claims of up to \$1,000 for fractures, cancer treatments and cardiac surgery. The Veterinary Pet Insurance Co. of Garden Grove, Calif., formed in 1982, currently boasts 50,000 policies in 27 states and expects to add 13 more states by mid-1988. Few people doubt that they will make their goal: medical costs for animals climbed 183% from 1981 to 1986, in contrast to only about 59% for their masters.

—By Christine Gorman.  
Reported by Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston



An injured osprey at Tufts

**Sophisticated care: a Thoroughbred undergoes stress test on a gaited treadmill; radiologist scans a Shih Tzu's liver with an ultrasound probe**





## Music

# Let's Do the Time Warp Again

*An economic and spiritual crisis besets U.S. orchestras and opera companies*

If, like some musical Rip Van Winkle, a 19th-century man awoke today in a concert hall or an opera house after decades of slumber, he would find that things had hardly changed. Stirring to life in his seat, he would pick up the comforting strains of a Beethoven symphony. Blinking his eyes in the theater's darkness, he would notice the familiar sets of a Verdi opera. Only after he stumbled to his feet at the end of the program and sought out his horse and carriage would he learn that, for the rest of the world, time had indeed gone by.

But not for classical music. A century after the great flowering of music in the U.S. that saw the establishment of many of the major orchestras and the opening of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera, American orchestras and opera companies face an unprecedented challenge. Unsure of their role in modern society,

the large institutions have embraced an aging, hidebound repertoire. Too timid to seek out new directions, they have been seduced by a museum philosophy that has consigned them to the rear guard of contemporary musical life. Afflicted by systemic deficits, they coddle their subscribers but fear bold steps in programming that might win them a new audience.

As the curtain goes up on a new year of opera and symphonic performances across the U.S., is it really about to come down on a tradition that Americans have long considered the epitome of high culture? Ernest Fleischmann, the formidable executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, thinks so. "We must accept that the orchestra as we know it is dead," he declared last May. "It's dead because symphony concerts have become dull and predictable; musicians and audiences are suffering from

repetitive routines and formula-type programming; there is an acute shortage of conductors who not only know their scores inside out but also are inspiring leaders, and there is just as great a shortage of administrators who possess artistic vision and imagination."

This may seem a severe indictment of a healthy "industry"; audiences for concert music and opera are probably larger than ever. The postwar cultural revolution spawned scores of new orchestras, opera companies and chamber-music groups; there are now 1,572 symphony orchestras in the country, almost as many as the number of daily newspapers. Visits of major domestic and international ensembles to Carnegie Hall still provoke feeding frenzies among ticket buyers. Everywhere, it seems, there are more performances, longer seasons, higher



budgets, higher fees—and higher costs.

Even in the numbers game, though, ominous signs point to a retrenchment. Within the past couple of seasons, the Oakland Symphony has folded, and the San Diego Symphony temporarily suspended operations. The Houston Symphony, once a glittering symbol of a booming community, now reflects its city's stagnant economy: its music director is leaving, and there has been an administrative shuffle as well. The San Francisco Opera, one of the nation's largest companies, canceled its summer season because of a \$2 million deficit. Says Tully Friedman, president of the company's board: "We're going to have to retol the way we do business to survive in the '80s and beyond."

American arts organizations, lacking extensive government subsidies, have long been aristocratic beggars, dependent on private philanthropy. More crucial is the anomie now afflicting the art. "Classical music is now a special taste, like Greek language or pre-Columbian archeology, not a common culture of reciprocal communication and psychological shorthand," writes Allan Bloom in *The Closing of the American Mind*, a brisk indictment of the dumbing-down of America. Although Bloom blames the rise and triumph of rock music for the cultural sansculottism he decries, much of the onus must be shouldered by

the major musical organizations, which have allowed the skein of creativity to slip through their grasp.

**F**or roughly half a century, the musical repertoire has been hardening into a core group of venerated masterpieces. No longer is the test of musical accomplishment to be found—as it was in the days of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt and even Mahler—in the creation and persuasive performance of new music. Now the art is basically re-creative, not creative; it is performers, not composers, whom audiences cherish. With few notable exceptions (Pianist Maurizio Pollini, Conductor Dennis Russell Davies, Violinist Gidon Kremer), performers today are largely content with a static repertoire that recedes further into history with each passing year. They offer the big works that burnish their own reputations but do little to advance the cause of the art they profess to serve.

It is currently fashionable to bemoan the lack of individuality among instrumentalists and to wonder where all the great opera singers have gone, as if there were some mysterious force sapping the vitality of modern musicians. But there is plenty of spunk in popular music, which still prizes and rewards the composer-performer: garage bands from Hoboken to Hollywood are rehearsing right now, working in a nat-

ural, comfortable idiom. Far better to wonder whether classical music, as it is currently practiced, offers enough stimulation for prospective interpreters.

As an example, take the new production of Verdi's *Il Traviata* at the Met last November. Offering a wobbly soprano, Joan Sutherland, now in distinct vocal decline; a slimmed-down tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, a shell, both physically and vocally, of his former robust self, and a conductor, Richard Bonyng, whose principal claim to fame is that he is Sutherland's husband, the performance was a logy run-through of a tired repertoire staple, ineptly designed and clumsily directed. Even the housebroken Met audience was offended: the production was roundly booed at its opening-night conclusion. It was enough to turn almost any opera lover into a Bon Jovi fan.

The deepening economic crunch has made all performers hostages of the musical administrators, who exercise an invisible sway over programming. Few general managers have the courage—and few companies, it must be admitted, the fiscal might—to risk alienating subscribers and venture down new paths. Why take the box-office risk of commissioning a major new work or building a concert around an unfamiliar one, when you can pack the house with Beethoven? "Conductors, who should be cultural leaders, are not up to

## Music

the responsibility of leadership," complains Pulitzer-prizewinning Composer Leon Kirchner. "When there is a vacuum in leadership, managerial people take over. They are not capable of making cultural judgments, but they are forced to because no one else is making them."

Thus music has become trapped in a time warp. At the New York Philharmonic's inaugural concert in 1842, the program was Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and an excerpt from his opera *Fidelio*, selections from Carl Maria von Weber's *Oberon*, a quintet by Johann Nepomuk Hummel, a duet from Rossini's opera *Armida*, an aria from Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio* and a new overture by the Bohemian composer Johann Wenzel Kalliwoda. At the time, Mozart had been dead for 51 years, Beethoven for only 15, Weber for 16 and Hummel for five. Rossini was 50 years old, and Kalliwoda was 41.

If the same program were to be approximated today, by both age and style, it might consist of music by two living composers, Philip Glass, 50, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, 48, as well as the late Alban Berg, Luigi Dallapiccola and Howard Hanson. The chance of such a program occurring on a regular subscription concert today—not just once but throughout the season—is almost nil. (Poring over the Boston Symphony's archives in the early 1960s, Kirchner discovered that before World War II, roughly 35% of the repertoire was devoted to music composed within a decade, as opposed to about 7% at the time of his study.) "It's a terrible situation," says Composer Jacob Druckman, who organized the New York Philharmonic's now defunct series of enterprising Horizons concerts. "In the theater and painting there is tremendous interest in this century and not so much in the past. In music it is just the opposite."

Most prominent performers see nothing inherently wrong with the repertory system. "It is absolutely essential that every generation have a chance to hear the intellectual and aesthetic achievements worthy of outlasting its own days and years," says Conductor Robert Shaw of the Atlanta Symphony. Observes Leonard Slatkin, music director of the St. Louis Symphony: "Music, in essence, preserves history in sound. As long as people are interested in the past, they will always be interested in symphony orchestras." And both Shaw and Slatkin are innovative programmers. Shaw a champion of American music and Slatkin a leading exponent of neglected British Composer Ralph Vaughan Williams, among others.

One of the hoariest clichés justifying

timorous programming is that there is always someone in the audience who has never heard Beethoven's *Fifth*. "For the first-time viewer, you've got to have *Bohèmes* and *Tosca* and *Carmens*," says Ardis Krainik, general manager of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, whose company this season had an unexpected hit with Glass's *Satyagraha*. "Those are the things they need to bring them back again." But is sheer repetition of a handful of staples the way to cultivate new audiences?

A familiar conceit is that each conductor interprets a masterpiece differently, continually freshening it. That may once have been true, when there were fewer concerts than today. But airplanes, records and the 52-week season have changed the rules of the game. Works are repeated incessantly in the concert hall by the same

ful *Il sogno di Scipione* and Vaughan Williams' radiant vision of the celestial city, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. And some company could put itself on the map with a production of Soviet Composer Yuri Shaporin's spectacular *Dekabristi* (*The Decembrists*), a thrilling musical mélange of Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky and Shostakovich that is also a vivid piece of theater.

Alas, few major institutions, the ones with the largest budgets and highest profiles, are willing to stray too far from their Top 40, oldies-only play lists. But American musicians are the most flexible in the world; none can read new scores more adeptly or are able to confront so many styles with such aplomb. Why not put this talent to use? As Atlanta's Shaw observes, "The American symphony orchestra is not only failing to serve its audience in the

fullest measure, but to its own members it offers a life of such restricted fare and expression that the very best of its artists have to seek artistic fulfillment outside of its structure."

Some 2½ centuries after Bach welded the twelve major and minor keys into a harmonious whole in *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, 185 years after Beethoven stretched the boundaries of the symphony with the *Eroica*, and 65 years after Arnold Schoenberg exploded the tonal universe by unleashing the power of the twelve-tone system, classical music can still be a vital, potent art. But it

needs a kind of panoramic energy, one that explores and prizes its past, frankly assesses its present and enthusiastically prepares for its future.

It needs, at last, to throw off the myths that enlure it. Not all the music that is worth hearing is being heard. New music is not automatically fearsome nor unplayed works from the past intrinsically worthless. The media-fueled system that turns performers into celebrities needs serious re-examination. *The Tonight Show* and Madison Square Garden ought not to be venues that certify stars.

Artists and administrators need the courage to chart a more rewarding course, but audiences do too. Those who hailed the deaf Beethoven at the *Ninth Symphony*'s unveiling, who lined the streets of Milan for Verdi's funeral, who wept as the dying Brahms took a final public bow at a performance of his *Fourth Symphony*, who rioted at the debut of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* were no more sophisticated than today's listeners. It is simply that no one told them they were listening to classical music. What they experienced was not the passive appreciation of a dead art but love and wonder at its terrible, living beauty.

—By Michael Walsh



Even Mozart wrote contemporary music once; right, Zwilich

succession of globe-trotting conductors, and the same performance can be heard repeatedly at home. Not only have certain pieces become norms but their interpretations have as well.

**W**hat to do? No one supposes that the millennium has arrived and that mainstream audiences will happily sit still for an evening of contemporary music. But new music is not the only road to innovative programming. There are scores of neglected works by masters great and small that deserve dusting off. Instead of Dvořák's *"New World" Symphony*, for example, why not the equally seductive but infrequently heard tone poem, *The Wood Dove*? Instead of Beethoven's pawky *Second Piano Concerto* or the overplayed *Violin Concerto* of Mendelssohn, why not Rimsky-Korsakov's dashing *Piano Concerto* or Carl Nielsen's melancholic *Violin Concerto*? Instead of another Brahms' *First Symphony*, how about Joachim Raff's spooky *"Lenore" Symphony*, once greatly admired in the 19th century, or Austrian Composer Franz Schmidt's brooding *Fourth Symphony*, written in 1932-33?

Operationally, there are Mozart's youth-



# Religion

## Poland's New Building Boom

*After a long ban, churches enjoy an unmatched expansion*

During the 14 years he was Archbishop of Cracow, Karol Wojtyla was able to get only one major church built. The vast new edifice in the model socialist town of Nowa Huta was reluctantly allowed by a government that witlessly believed a deterioration of faith would follow a deterioration of facilities. After he became Pope in 1978, John Paul II did not forget the frustration. Preparing for his first trip back to Poland, in 1979, the Pontiff took advantage of his countrymen's continued fervor in opposition to Communism's ongoing freeze. In negotiating with a beleaguered regime that did not want to appear to be blocking the papal journey, John Paul forced a promise to end the near total 40-year ban on new churches.

The results, slow at first, are flowering now with a burst of construction. Since 1981 some 1,500 new churches have been completed, bringing the national total to about 15,000. Currently, more than 1,000 others are under way. The boom represents what may be the largest increase in Christian churches anywhere in the world today.

The new buildings range from tiny mountain chapels to huge urban complexes. After so long, the need for them is great. More than 90% of the country's 37 million people are Roman Catholics. And though some churches swamped with the faithful offer as many as a dozen Sunday Masses, it is not uncommon to see worshippers spilling over to the yards and streets outside.

Despite the relaxed official stance, building a church in Poland is still enough to tax the patience—and ingenuity—of a saint. In a pattern that is typical for the country, architects and many of the others involved must squeeze their work on church projects into spare time after doing their official work on state-commissioned schools and apartment blocks. A chronic shortage of building materials is the biggest problem. Some parishes hire a staffer to forage throughout the country full time on the trail of everything from nails to cement. State-run factories are under orders to avoid selling materials



A parish near Otwock: also a renaissance of good architecture and workmanship

to the Catholic Church, but the scavengers skillfully play on the religious feelings of bureaucrats: sometimes they hand out religious calendars and books to get a foot in the door. Occasionally they even stage a sit-in.

The new churches have generated something of an architectural renaissance. Drab city centers and run-down villages are sprouting postmodern chapels, delicate Oriental bell towers and high-tech confections of steel girders and

stained glass. Not all are distinctive, but Krzysztof Chwalibog, deputy chairman of the Association of Polish Architects in Warsaw, contends, "This is bringing back good design to Poland." Good workmanship too. Unlike secular Polish buildings, which seem to sag and crack even before completion, most churches are being built to last. The same workmen who rarely worry about right angles for the state are lavishing care on ecclesiastical projects. They are inspired by faith and the commitment of most congregations to pay wages of \$200 to \$300 a month, up to double the average that is earned on government projects. Says one worker, muffled and gloved against the winter chill: "The state gets quantity. The church gets quality."

The greatest impact is on the spirits and spirituality of the laity. "By building a new church, we create a different world," says Eugeniusz Kliminski, 53, a priest in Radom, an industrial city 60 miles south of Warsaw. Day by day he watches Our

Lady, Queen of Apostles, rising in his parish. When the semicircular structure is finished, topped by a soaring burnished-copper roof, it will be a glittering exception to Radom's gloomy skyline. But the work is going slowly. Money is in short supply, despite contributions from as far away as France and Italy. At the present rate, Queen of Apostles will probably not be completed before Christmas 1994. That may seem like an eternity. But it has taken no enthusiasm away from the effort. Says Sylwester Wojcieszek, 35, a baker: "We have been waiting a very long time for this. It will be something that we pass on to our children."

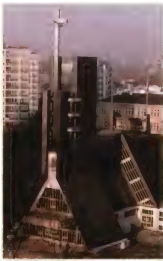
—By Kenneth W. Banta/Radom



Model of Radom's Queen of Apostles



In Warsaw, the interior of St. Sigismund and Our Lady of Czestochowa







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## Law

### Is Texas Justice for Sale?

*The state's top judge resigns to fight for reform*

When lawyers in the Pennzoil-Texaco multibillion-dollar battle turned to the Texas Supreme Court, they were not approaching strangers. Since 1980 Houston Attorney Joseph Jamail and his firm, Pennzoil's victorious counsel, doled out \$248,000 in campaign contributions to the justices. As for Russell McMains, Texaco's chief appellate lawyer in Texas, he has donated some \$40,000 to members of the high bench, and his former Corpus

eral who will go into private practice, spent more than \$1 million to get elected to the bench in 1984. But he came to believe that the "acceleration of campaign financing has become outrageous." He favors a merit-selection system, used in a number of states, under which the Governor selects judges from names submitted by a commission; the jurists are later voted up or down by the citizenry. Republican Governor William Clements is also

ass would I be," he says, "if I didn't try to give back something that promotes the plaintiff's philosophy."

Critics contend that judges sometimes get too close to donors. Last June the Texas Commission on Judicial Conduct handed down unprecedented reproaches to two sitting justices. C.L. Ray was reprimanded for, among other things, attempting to get a pair of cases moved from one appellate court to another, which would have helped a San Antonio lawyer who had donated \$20,000 to his campaign. Justice William Kilgarlin drew a lesser "admonishment" because two of his law clerks accepted an expenses-paid Las Vegas weekend from an attorney who had cases before the court.

Appointive systems are no cure-all. "There's a certain amount of obsequious politicking with either appointments or elections," says Justice Franklin Spears. Notes Lawyer McMains: "The problem with appointments is who gets to do it. If it's the Governor, you've just shifted where the politics are." In some states merit selection has scarcely contained the efforts spent to put judges on the bench and keep them there. "Judicial campaigns are getting noisier, nastier and costlier," notes Georgetown Law Professor Roy Schotland, an authority on campaign spending.

In Texas things may get still worse before they get better. This year Republicans are pushing to gain a solid foothold on the supreme court, and that means a dizzying round of spending. The newly appointed interim chief justice, Republican Thomas Phillips, says he would like to cap individual contributions to his campaign. But he still plans to raise \$1.5 million. His Democratic opponent, sitting Justice Ted Robertson, intends to raise the same amount. "It's not a pleasant task to seek out contributions, but money is the name of the game. Do you know what 30 seconds in prime time costs these days?" Robertson asks. "\$17,000." The ploy is that knowing such numbers may count for as much as knowing the legal precedents. —By Richard Woodbury/Austin



Christi firm gave \$150,000 more. Such cozy bench-polishing tactics are not illegal, since Texas is one of only nine states where virtually all judges are chosen in partisan elections. It also has no limits on campaign gifts. "The appearance," says State Senator Frank Tejeda, "is that perhaps justice in Texas is for sale." Anthony Champagne, a University of Texas political scientist, puts it more directly: "You contribute to your friends and hope your friends will take care of you."

It can certainly look unseemly. After the Texas justices declined to upset the pro-Pennzoil trial judgment and Texaco decided last month to settle by paying \$3 billion, local court watchers were reminded of published estimates of the greater electoral largesse of Pennzoil's 23 Texas attorneys: they laddled out more than \$300,000 to the jurists in 1986 alone. Now that case, along with the quickening torrent of lawyer donations to judges at all levels, is sparking what could be the first serious reform effort since the system settled into place in 1873. This week Chief Justice John Hill will take the extraordinary step of quitting the bench to lead a drive to abolish the elective process.

Hill, 64, a former state attorney gen-

pushing an appointive system, though only for the nine-member high court. "Texans have lost faith in their judicial system," he says. Clements charges that the court's popularly elected justices—all Democrats—have developed a "pro-plaintiff tilt" that encourages "virtually limitless judgments" and scares businesses away. Jamail, the state's king of torts, half concedes the point. "What kind of an

### Gavel on the Go

The minute America's best-known jurist bangs his gavel, onlookers in the nation's most famous courtroom attentively come to order. Not the U.S. Supreme Court, silly—*The People's Court*, with 11 million viewers daily, featuring Judge Joseph Wapner and his 30-minute brand of homespun jurisprudence. Now in *A View from the Bench* (Simon & Schuster, \$17.95), the judge describes the evolution of his electronic philosophy.

"Look for the truth of a case with your own eyes," he decided during 20

years as a California judge. When a driver claims his car couldn't go over 35 m.p.h., his Honor-on-the-spot takes it out for a spin. What did a policeman see through the keyhole? To find out, Wapner goes and takes a peek. This



volume hardly qualifies as a scholarly treatise (Chapter 10 is titled "Under the Robes"). But readers seeking Wapner's piquant observations and offbeat tales of life in the legal lane won't sue for failure to deliver.

# Books

## Connoisseurs of Lost Causes

THE TENANTS OF TIME by Thomas Flanagan; Dutton; 824 pages; \$21.95

The very first page of this very long novel about Ireland contains a reference to an unspecified night in June 1904, when "Patrick Prentiss came for the first time to Kilpeder and booked a room at the Arms." The time may be of little consequence to most readers, but some will not be able to ignore that, by coincidence or design, the author begins his plunge into Irish history with a suggestion of the most famous date in modern literature. That would be Bloomsday (June 16, 1904), the day of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

The tweedy Prentiss does not make as splashy an entrance as Joyce's stately, plump Buck Mulligan in his yellow dressing gown, "bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed." Yet there is a strained relationship. Buck begins Joyce's stream of subversive epiphanies with a mockery of religious ritual, and Pat launches Thomas Flanagan's *The Tenants of Time* with a polite spoof on the rituals of orthodox history. Prentiss is a young Irish pedant, fresh out of New College, Oxford, and itching to write a book about a failed nationalist uprising in 1867. The final skirmish, known as the Battle of Clonbrony Wood, has become exaggerated in story and barroom ditty: "Let all true Irishmen be good. And fight for what they hold. Like all those heroes brave and bold. Who held Clonbrony Wood."

Blarney. Clonbrony was a fiasco that began when a band of poorly organized and inadequately armed Fenian nationalists tried to take the local police barracks, and ended with the attackers scattered into the trees and hunted down one by one. Blood was drawn but no honor satisfied. The participants became public heroes and martyrs, but privately their failure bred resentment, which thrived on blame, which in turn sought enemies within. They were not in short supply, given the tangle of feudal alliances and tribal betrayals that confounded the ideals of nationhood. The wounds of Clonbrony festered and spread violence and discord for decades.

Prentiss's book never gets written, not because he lacks vision ("If... one could take a moment of history, a week, a month, and know it fully, perfectly, turn it in one's fingers until all the lights had played upon its surfaces...") but because the

facts and mysteries he encounters exceed his intentions. Or so he claims. When a friend suggests that history is a form of narrative fiction, Prentiss replies a little too glibly that "a taste for fiction has always seemed to me the unfailing mark of an imaginative deficiency."

The hook in this remark is that the speaker happens to be an innovative character in a historical novel of a high imaginative order. Flanagan, 64, a professor of English at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, first demonstrated his gift for evoking the

past in the constant shimmer of good fiction eight years ago, when he published *The Year of the French*. The work received broad acclaim and was the National Book Critics Circle's choice as the best novel of 1979. It is a rich and complex telling of a rebellion on the west coast of Ireland, where in 1798 an army of the French Revolution landed and briefly allied itself with the restless peasantry against their English and Anglo-Irish masters. As one of many preludes to Clonbrony, the episode ended badly when Lord Cornwallis arrived with a superior force. The French were treated as prisoners of war and eventually sent home. The surviving Irish were denounced as traitors to the British crown; many were hanged.

A century later, and the noose is still tight around *The Tenants of Time*. Absentee landlords and bankers squeeze the squires, who drain the tenant farmers. Eviction, the workhouse and starvation are common fates. The women cling to the church and the men to the bottle, but a growing number, like Edward Nolan, take to the gun. Nolan was a Fenian leader at the time of Clonbrony; later he is hardened in Portland prison and becomes experienced in conspiracy and vengeful murder on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ned Nolan is the remorseless spirit whose actions unify much of the book's cause and effect. He spans the quarter-century of Flanagan's story, from Clonbrony to the decline and fall of the Irish republican hero Charles Stewart Parnell, who is quoted as saying "A passion for history—an Irish failing." Real figures from the past interact with fictional characters, making 107 in all, alphabetically listed and identified at the end of the book.

The principals—Terrorist Nolan, Schoolteacher Hugh MacMahon and Politician Robert Delaney—are all veterans of Clonbrony who pursue different paths to freedom from British rule. Flanagan follows the twists and turns from Kilpeder and Dublin to London and New York City. His settings, from Ardmore Castle to the local pub, are natural and unforced; the language of his characters hints at hidden poetry without breaking into showy lyricism or stage Irish: "Beyond the streaky window, the land opened out before us—the wide, green fields of the midlands, the hills of Munster, a flashing glimpse of ruined keep, a manor house half hidden by plantation, the battered, roofless nave of a lost friary or monastery."

### Excerpt

“Clonbrony Wood had been our youth, even the rifle fire... But youth falls away from us, crumbles and vanishes, and we do not know that; we believe ourselves to be in the thick of it, until one day, of a sudden, something will remind us that it is over, done with, swallowed up in Time's maw. We are all the tenants of Time, and whatever it is that reminds us, that thing we will convict as a murderer, like the messenger bringing bad tidings.”



For all its size and sweep, *The Tenants of Time* is an intimate book, a narrative that constantly adds personal tones and shadings to "take a moment of history, a week, a month, and know it fully." Patrick Prentiss would envy this grand illusion, the best historical novel to be published in the U.S. since Thomas Flanagan's *The Year of the French*.  
—By R.Z. Sheppard

## Invisible Army

"C"

by Anthony Cave Brown  
Macmillan; 830 pages; \$25

In the official records he had no title, position or office; he did not exist. But in fact Winston Churchill's spy master, Sir Stewart Graham Menzies, deserves as much credit for the Allied victory in World War II as most of the generals who won the battles. His amassed information formed the invisible army that marched into Germany with Eisenhower, Montgomery and Patton. It is past time for this engrossing if overlong biography of the war's most mysterious player.

Born in 1890, Menzies was one of the golden boys of the British aristocracy. Both sides of his family were rich and well placed, and he progressed comfortably along one of the courses marked out for England's future leaders. He attended Eton; he joined the Life Guards, whose duty it was to protect the sovereign; and he rode to hounds with the most exalted men in the realm.

Assigned to military intelligence in World War I, Menzies discovered that he enjoyed wielding power from the shadows, and he did not need or want public acclaim. Even his three wives knew only that he had some connection to the government. Between the wars he was deputy to "C," as the head of the SIS (Britain's version of the CIA) is titled. In 1939, shortly after Britain's declaration of war on Germany, he was appointed "C" himself, moving into an office that was connected to his living quarters by a hidden door and passageway.

His main contribution—and it was immense—was the protection of the biggest secret of the war: the fact that the British, with the help of the Poles, had broken the German code: they could read Hitler's mail. The information gathered through the Ultra secret helped the R.A.F., for example, defeat the Luftwaffe during the Battle of Britain and enabled Montgomery to overpower Rommel in the North African desert.

Menzies' final years—he retired in 1952—were clouded by his failure to realize that the Soviets had penetrated SIS and were reading his own mail. "Only people with foreign names commit treason," he once said, and he was unwilling to believe that a fellow golden boy like Kim Philby could betray Crown and country and the establishment that had been so good to both of them.  
—By Gerald Clarke

## Bookends

2061: ODYSSEY THREE

by Arthur C. Clarke  
Ballantine; 279 pages; \$17.95



The space explorers measure distance in light-years, but their creator employs more conventional units for time. The sequel to Arthur C. Clarke's 2001 took place only nine years later, in 2010. The latest adventure of the still youthful Heywood Floyd and his cybernetic companion, HAL the computer, occurs 51 years further on. As astronomers know, 2061 is the year Halley's comet is next scheduled to enter the inner solar system, providing a sequel of its own. Despite a soft landing on that astral body, the reappearance of the celebrated black monoliths of superintelligence, and references to voicegrams, audiomail and vocards, Clarke's future bears a marked resemblance to the present. Plowing through the void, crew members of the spaceship *Universe* sit back to enjoy their in-flight film, *Gone With the Wind*, and Floyd informs a colleague, "They're relaying a lot of material back to Earth through the big dish on Ganymede... The networks are yelling for news."

Hints of yet another space odyssey appear at the finale and should be ignored. 2061 occasionally offers a challenging sci-fi aphorism—"Only Time is universal; Night and Day are merely quaint local customs found on planets that tidal forces have not yet robbed of their rotation"—but by now the mix of imagination and anachronism is wearing as thin as the oxygen layer on Mars.

KEEPING SECRETS

by Suzanne Somers  
Warner Books; 297 pages; \$17.95



If, as Tolstoy says, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way, so too each child who sleeps through class and cheats on exams has his or her personal story to tell. Suzanne Somers' is about growing up with an alcoholic father. Somers, who played the voluptuous nit-brain Chrissy on the TV hit *Three's Company*, describes family meals that ended in a cascade of broken dishes and foul-mouthed rages that left her cowering in the closet. As she got older she ran away in other ways: school problems; an early, unwanted pregnancy and marriage; and a bad-check charge (later dismissed). After her breakthrough film roles in *American Graffiti* and *Magnum Force*, her therapist observed that she was ill prepared for good fortune. Somers' sister and two brothers all followed their father into alcoholism. But the real point of this grim

but touching account is that parents and siblings, the drinkers and those who stoically enabled others to drink, eventually turned to Alcoholics Anonymous and Al-Anon and were able to rebuild their sense of self and family. "Understanding brought relief and clarification," Somers concludes. "Even if the rest of your family doesn't get better, you can, I did."

MONGOOSE, R.I.P.

by William F. Buckley Jr.  
Random House; 322 pages; \$17.95



There has always been something of the self-delighted mischiefmaker about William F. Buckley Jr., America's Tory torador. In his summer-weight spy thrillers about the Ivy League CIA agent Blackford Oakes (*The Story of Henri Tod*, *Saving the Queen*), the payoff lies partly in the reader's awareness of who the author is and partly in the impudence with which Buckley rewrites cold war incidents from the early '60s to include his hero's exploits. This new pastiche begins in early 1963 with failed CIA efforts to assassinate Fidel Castro, in one bizarre case by trying to give him a poisoned diving suit. U.S. readers are sufficiently detached from the Cuban strongman to see this as comedy, perhaps. But the plot winds on to include the assassination of President Kennedy, and the novel's cheerful inventions fall flat. The old horror of November 1963 floods across the pages, and the author's paper heroics for the first time seem chatty and idle.

KALEIDOSCOPE

by Danielle Steel  
Delacorte; 395 pages; \$18.95



A priestess of fertility, this Danielle Steel. After the birth of her ninth child, Zara, and the publication of her 23rd book, both mother and author are doing well. Steel these days enters best-seller lists at the top. *Kaleidoscope*, one of her better tear-stained efforts, is about a less fortunate lady, Hilary Walker, whose father strangled her mother and then killed himself, who was separated from her two beloved sisters and left to live with a drunken uncle, and who was indentured in foster homes and raped by adolescents of both sexes. But Hilary, with eyes like green ice or emerald fire, depending on where you read, is a survivor who aims to be someone and goes on to make it as a TV executive. Steel, too, kind to leave a heroine unfulfilled and unmarried, sends her John Chapman, a man with "perfect teeth, and gentle eyes," hired to find and reunite the three sisters. It seems worth noting that John Chapman is the real name of the folk hero Johnny Appleseed: fertility again. ■



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## Newswatch

Thomas Griffith

### A Little Longer in the Limelight

The press, which considers itself the arbiter of how long anyone lasts in the limelight, doesn't like to have that judgment challenged. Having once buried Gary Hart politically, first with its coverage of the Donna Rice weekend, then with editorials pronouncing him too flawed in character to be President, the press now finds itself having to await the electorate's verdict.

Perhaps this proves that the media are better at sensing how curious people are about someone than at knowing what they actually think of him. Journalists quickly intuit when people are fed up with, rather than amused by, a rock star's tantrums, or when a politician has worn out his welcome. (A magazine that misjudges and too often features on its cover someone readers are tired of, quickly learns the lesson from lower newstand sales.) In the case of Hart, the public plainly deplored his conduct but still remained fascinated by him. In his comeback, he skillfully assured himself further attention by blaming reporters for his troubles.

Gary Hart just joins a prickly cast of characters, among them Senator Joe McCarthy, Spiro Agnew and Ollie North, who take on the media, and by doing so prolong their stay in the public eye. The press (which also competes for the public's favor) has to prove that it is being fair to its critics, and has done so lately by giving Hart acres of publicity he couldn't buy. *USA Today* reports that in the four days after Hart resumed his candidacy, network evening television gave him 39.31 minutes of coverage, while allotting George Bush and Bob Dole six minutes and Michael Dukakis less than three. Of course, as Hart anticipated, most editors trotted out the picture of Donna Rice sitting on Hart's lap, reported the anger and anguish of other Democratic candidates and quoted authorities who said he was unelectable. But once Hart shot up quickly in the polls, journalists stopped being so dismissive of him.

Some editors feared that the media's pursuit of Hart's private life might become as much an issue as his adulteries. As

Hart put it in a speech at Yale, "How far are we prepared to go as a society to peek into areas hitherto precluded?"

The media sometimes learn from criticism, but not very quickly. Thirty-five years ago the press made a public figure of the demagogic Joe McCarthy, quoting his every reckless accusation of treason. The nation had to undergo a prolonged and squalid crisis until journalists learned to check out irresponsible charges and give the accused a chance to reply. Spiro Agnew was a nonentity as Vice President until the beleaguered Richard Nixon decided to deploy Agnew to wage a smear campaign against network news bias. Fearful of Government intervention, television gave him more attention than he deserved. Agnew's hour in the spotlight ended not because his charges were disproved (they stuck in many minds) but because evidence of his past crookedness finally caught up with him.

Television made Ollie North a celebrity. Journalists had cast him as a heavy in the Iran-contra scandal, but his bravura performance as a witness—emotional, defiant, patriotic—led to a national outburst of Olliemania. McCarthy, Agnew and North were quite dissimilar in deeds and in character, but of each it could be said that journalists covering him believed that with time and further acquaintance people would think less of him. That also seems to be the conviction of most journalists who cover Gary Hart.

When first criticized for their reporting of Hart's private life, journalists cited bounden duty to probe the personal character of those who volunteer to be President, since just about anyone can run and so many do. To judge by polls, people believe that the sex scandal should have been reported but that the media overplayed it. Fewer editors today would probably defend, as many at the outset did, the Miami *Herald's* stakeout of Hart's private residence. Though the public hankers to know the facts and the gossip too, it has made clear its concern for individual privacy from a prying press.



Candidate Gary Hart

## Milestones

**SENTENCED.** Jeff Fort, 40, leader of Chicago's El Rukn street gang, on charges of conspiracy to commit terrorist acts in the U.S.: to 80 years in federal prison; in Chicago. Fort and four other members of the gang were convicted in November of conspiring to blow up U.S. planes and buildings in exchange for \$2.5 million from Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi. The scheme never came to fruition.

**HOSPITALIZED.** Max Robinson, 48, ABC News anchorman from 1978 to 1983; with pneumonia: in Blue Island, Ill. Robinson became network television's first full-time black anchorman when ABC placed him along with Frank Reynolds and Peter Jennings in its *World News Tonight* multiple-city format. His relationship with the network was often strained, and he left to become news director for NBC's WMAQ in Chicago.

**RECOVERING.** G. Gordon Liddy, 57, convicted Watergate burglar: from injuries suffered Christmas Eve in an attack by trespassers: in Fort Washington, Md. Armed with a billy club, the former FBI agent tried to chase away a pickup truck parked on his property. According to Liddy's account, the driver accelerated and hit him. "A normal person would be dead," said Liddy afterward. "But as you probably know, I don't fall into that category."

**DIED.** Patrick Bissell, 30, a principal dancer with the American Ballet Theater: of undetermined causes; at his home in Hoboken, N.J. Bissell, whose classical dancing style and lustrous stage presence gave his performances dramatic verve, had undergone treatment for drug and alcohol addiction. "To work," he once remarked to an interviewer, "is the greatest joy."

**DIED.** Edward Kleban, 48, lyricist for the Broadway hit *A Chorus Line*: of complications from mouth cancer: in New York City. Paid \$500 at the outset, Kleban became wealthy and well known when *Chorus Line* turned out to be Broadway's longest-running show. For his witty and memorable lyrics, he received a Tony Award and a Pulitzer Prize. Kleban's collaborator, Michael Bennett, who directed and choreographed the musical, died in July of AIDS.

**DIED.** Charles Malik, 81, Lebanese diplomat and president of the United Nations General Assembly in 1958 and 1959; in Beirut. A Greek Orthodox Christian, Malik was instrumental in drafting Lebanon's 1943 constitution granting political hegemony to the Christian community. He signed the U.N. charter in 1945 and served as Lebanon's Ambassador to the U.S. from 1953 to 1955.

# Cinema

## The Return of Comedy as King

Baby mirth and bawdy Murphy strike box-office gold

If Hollywood moguls had a New Year's wish, it would be that every week was Christmas. This season, box-office cash registers have been ringing like sleigh bells, to push the 1987 theatrical take toward a record \$4.2 billion, up 11% from 1986. Even more encouraging for industry executives was the return of a species that had looked endangered throughout the year: the comedy.

Flashback. From New Year's Day until Thanksgiving, not a single old-fash-

my farces. The story—of three roguish bachelors forced to care for an abandoned infant—cradled few surprises and, for great barren stretches, got lost in a draggy drug plot. The film's direction had all the comic subtlety one would expect from that Merlin of mirth, *Star Trek*'s Leonard Nimoy. Maybe the producers thought he was *Doctor Spock*.

No matter: the movie had a high *awwww-Q*. Audiences rushed to indulge its inanities and curl into its warmth, to goo-

movie terms, they wear the mask of the Me-First '80s only to reveal the crinkly face of '30s romantic farce. Two of them boast the most ingratiating doll faces in today's Hollywood: the cartoon countenance of Goldie Hawn, in *Overboard*, and the Garbage Pail Kid visage of Danny DeVito, in *Throw Momma from the Train*.

Idling on her stretch yacht, sporting a taut hairdo like Attila the Hun, Joanna Stayton (Hawn) dispenses insults with the ease of a born screwball heiress. Joanna is way less mature than *3 Men*'s six-month-old star; her fatuous husband (Edward Herrmann) calls her "Diddums," and her ditsy mom (Katherine Helmond) advises her, "If you have a baby, you won't be the baby anymore." Joanna's big worry is

DAVID WHITAKER



ioned feel-good comedy was to be found among the ten top-grossing films released in 1987. Audiences seemed to take more pleasure in the spectacle of people and things that went blam! in the night: *Fatal Attraction*, *The Untouchables*, *Lethal Weapon*, *Predator*. Oh, there were cop comedies (*Beverly Hills Cop II*, the No. 1 hit, and *Stakeout* and *Dragnet*) and a devil comedy (*The Witches of Eastwick*) and an oddly amoral Michael J. Fox comedy (*The Secret of My Success*—sort of *Wall Street* for the Smurf set). But all these films traded in physical or emotional degradation; they left an acrid aftertaste. One began to wonder how long Hollywood could continue to cash in on its own and the nation's cynicism.

Answer: until *3 Men* and *a Baby* began gathering its December momentum. Here was an amiable, air-headed fable about baby love. Its male leads were two TV stars, Tom Selleck and Ted Danson, who had never seemed big enough for the big screen and a third, Steve Guttenberg, best known for fronting the *Police Acade-*

gle like proud relatives when the infant appears at a construction site in a pink hard hat, or when Selleck tries, too manfully, to diaper his fidgety bundle for the first time. There is nothing sinister about the success of a bad picture that makes people feel good. Imagine: people want to enjoy themselves at the movies. Sometimes they can convince themselves they had a fine time even at an inferior show. It guarantees they get their money's worth.

And a little child shall lead them. Hollywood got happier as viewers adopted the movie and word of mouth kept *Baby* booming. Even at Christmas, after a month's exposure, *3 Men* easily led the box-office pack. By early this month it will have clambered up the Top Ten list to become 1987's fourth biggest hit. In its wake have come half a dozen newer comedies, most of which are Christmas carols in disguise. It is as if the industry realized that at holiday time comedies need to begin as Scrooge and end up as Santa. They must pretend to a cleansing meanness of spirit they cannot honorably sustain. In

**Holiday six-pack:** Hawn in *Overboard*, Cage and Cher in *Moonstruck*, Murphy in *Raw*, Selleck and *a Baby*, DeVito and Crystal in *Throw Momma*, Cosby in *Leonard Part 6*

that Dean Proffitt (Kurt Russell), the uncouth guy she has hired to do some carpentry, will carp right back. Which he does. Well, throw him overboard!

Movie tradition and Leslie Dixon's clever script ordain that Joanna follow Dean into the sea, lose her memory, wind up humiliated in his hovel with his four grungy sons and, presto! fall in love with her vengeful bohunk. The plot structure is a sophisticated torture device for social adaptability, and Garry Marshall's direction carries the sadism too far, but the picture is funny when it strips Joanna of everything but her rich-bitch wit: "I don't know who I am, but I'm sure I have a lawyer." Because the two stars give good humor, *Overboard* is a small ornament to the season. Sometimes it shines.

*Throw Momma from the Train*: But will they? Will Owen (DeVito) and his

captive pal Larry (Billy Crystal) really bump off Owen's towering troglodyte mom? Naaah! Though Screenwriter Stu Silver filched the plot from Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*, *Throw Momma* is a bonding-buddy romance, a sweet bedtime story disguised as macabre farce. The only surprise the movie offers is DeVito's inventive direction; his busy camera is almost always in the right place. As Momma, Anne Ramsey has the face of an abused duffel bag and the rottenest spirit west of Caligula. Turns out, of course, she's nice too: lawn gnomes come in all sizes this movie season. Throw Momma from the train a little holiday kiss.

Then sic big bad Momma on Bill Cosby. TV's favorite obstetrician deserves the worst for piddling away America's goodwill on a \$20 million bomb called *Leonard Part 6*. Cosby plays a retired se-

is almost funnier than anything else in *Raw*. As Cosby is to television, Murphy is to movies: the undisputed popular champ. Cos plays the good father, Eddie the adorable, rank-mouthed boy. And Murphy is more a gifted mimic with explosive sexual charisma. That's what gives the *Beverly Hills Cop* films their sleek, self-satisfied zing. But 90 minutes of Murphy, prowling the stage in duds of black and blue (just like his comedy), can wear thin when the text of his sermon is the cupidity of women and the stupidity of men. Richard Pryor, Murphy's stand-up role model, earned his right to obscene rage. In the younger, middle-class comic, anger seems a petulant pose. Like any sham evangelist, he can entertain without convincing. And even in this ragged turn, a viewer can do with Murphy's comedy what Murphy complains most women want to do with his immense fortune: take half.

**F**or a sweet seasonal gift, take all of *Moonstruck*, the most beguiling romantic comedy this side of *Broadcast News*. Strains of Dean Martin's *That's Amore*—"When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie"—fill the Brooklyn night. A full moon illuminates Loretta Castorini (Cher) and all her family. Everybody falls in love. Her father (Vincent Gardenia), who claims he can't fall asleep because "it's too much like death," slinks out for a bit of tart on the side. Loretta's mother (Olympia Dukakis) dines furiously with a professor (John Mahoney) who keeps striking out with his prettiest students. "I'm too old for you," Mother tells the prof, to which he gives the eternal male response: "I'm too old for me. That's my predicament." And Loretta, just engaged to an agreeable loser (Danny Aiello), is seduced by her fiancé's one-handed brother Ronny (Nicolas Cage). He has no illusions about love. "We are here to ruin ourselves and to break our hearts and love the wrong people and die," he observes with handdog intensity. "Now I want you to come upstairs with me and get in my bed!" Who could refuse?

In outline, *Moonstruck* might seem an offer anyone could refuse. The Italo-American characters and mannerisms are familiar from several Martin Scorsese movies and a hundred lowbrow sitcoms. But Screenwriter John Patrick Shanley has an ear that confounds cliché and a plot that is both devious and inevitable. As photographed by David Watkin (*Out of Africa*), *Moonstruck* is as pristine and fanciful as *Lady and the Tramp*. As directed by Norman Jewison (*A Soldier's Story*), it moves with the crack of sexual friction. Jewison has also put together a terrific ensemble of actors. Cher, rag-doll-up in heavy Sicilian eyebrows, relaxes into her most engaging movie role. And Cage has a great time segueing from Stanley Kowalski, absentmindedly scratching himself with his prosthesis, into a Brooklyn Barrymore. *Moonstruck* proves there is life in movie comedy yet. Enough, at least, to survive till next Christmas.

—By Richard Corliss

## Living

### Martini Redux

*Yuppies take up a classic*

**F**orget the Chablis, the spritzers, the Perrier with lime. In many chic U.S. watering holes, the era of the grape and designer water seems to have gone out with the bull market. Instead, aging baby boomers are rediscovering the sharp, cold sting of an icy, dry martini. "A whole generation has become bored reciting 'I'll have a glass of white wine,' and then having something set in front of them that tastes foul and has no kick," explains Ed Moose, proprietor of the Washington Square Bar & Grill in San Francisco. "Young people are switching," concurs Bruno Mooshei, owner of Persian Aub Zam Zam across town. "I hear them say, 'Now I know why my parents drank martinis.'"

Statistics on the trend are hard to come by, but the evidence is widespread. "We're selling at least 50% more martinis than we were two years ago," reports Kevin O'Mara, bartender at the Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel. According to the Distilled Spirits Council, the vodka martini, though spurned by purists, is now the most popular drink in the nation's capital. Its appeal has helped boost vodka imports from \$1,000 gal. in 1976 to \$5 million gal. today. At Bloomingdale's in Manhattan, Buyer Susan Davis cannot keep martini sets in stock. "I'm telling all manufacturers to get busy," she says. "We can move as many as they can make."

Barroom philosophers offer all kinds of reasons for the return of the old classic. Martin Hehman of the Drake Hotel in Chicago cites maturity: "As you get older you don't drink all night, so you want a drink that lets you know you had a drink." Then there is the aesthetic appeal of cold, clear liquid in a crystal cone. At Nell's, a New York club, Aspiring Actress Sally Caruthers wears a flared crinoline mini to match her martini glass. "Tip me upside down and ... well, the same silhouette," she giggles.

Connoisseurs take their martinis more seriously, and many are aghast at the corruptions being introduced to the time-honored formula: good gin, a whisper of dry vermouth and an olive. Not only is there the unspeakable vodka martini, but also a Cajun version, made with peppered vodka over crushed jalapeños; a red martini, colored with Campari; and a Japanese variation combining vodka and sake. Even the sacred, salty olive has been replaced by bacon bits and midget corn-cobs. Can martini bars on Rodeo Drive be far behind?



Straight up



cret agent, fabulously rich and anomic, who must defeat a conspiracy to unleash the animal kingdom in a kamikaze raid on humankind. Director Paul Weiland exerts much effort in achieving such comic effects as a car-wrecking ring of frogs, a rainbow trout with the soul of a pit bull, a belching ostrich, and a lobster that goes for Leonard's crotch. There are also loving, intrusive displays of a Coke bottle, a commercial that would make Cosby's patrons happy if anyone were going to see it. Cosby produced and co-wrote *Leonard*, and now he has disowned it. That is his first smart move in this whole sorry caper.

In his concert film *Raw*, Eddie Murphy does a mean impression of Cosby—sputtering, paternal, obsessively self-censoring—and it is funnier than anything the real Cosby manages in *Leonard Part 6*. It



## Profile

# "I'M JUST A GUY"

Don't let **JOHN MADDEN** kid you. This self-described "big, fat, redheaded" guy is making millions as a professor, giving weekly lectures on America's most bewildering game

**H**uge celebrity, accompanied by great wealth, can occasionally befall an odd character, especially when television is involved. But has there ever been a more unlikely national figure than John Madden, the animated elephant who used to coach the Oakland Raiders and now instructs the country in its most bewildering sport? Though he won more than 100 National Football League games in only ten years and directed his team to a Super Bowl victory in 1977, Madden was obscured in Oakland by autocratic Owner Al Davis.

Retiring abruptly in 1979 (at just 42), not really because of his ulcer, not precisely because his fear of flying was nearing a frenzy, Madden reluctantly accepted CBS's second or third offer of a commentator's tryout and hesitantly began jumping through paper hoops in Miller Lite beer commercials. Nine years later, his network stipend is crowding \$1 million a year, and the rewards from his myriad motor-oil and antihistamine accounts may be two or three times that. He has written two best-selling memoirs (*Hey, Wait a Minute, I Wrote a Book!* and *One Knee Equals Two Feet*; Villard Books), and is at work on a third. Over the next few weekends, as pro football's best teams meet in the playoffs, Madden's audience will approach 50 million people a broadcast. Like a rock star, he travels the country in a customized bus, the benefit of a glad-handing deal with Greyhound, and while in New York City, lives at the Dakota, the realm of Leonard Bernstein and Yoko Ono. He likes to hang out in front of the building in untied tennis shoes with pushed-in heels or to squeak along Columbus Avenue communing with the town. "The people," he says, "are the best theater in New York."

At big prizefights, his favorite entertainment ("I enjoy being at a fight, I think, more than anything. The simplicity of it: two guys, no zone defenses"), Madden stirs more ripples of recognition than the actors and actresses, along with a surprising level of affection. "There aren't a lot of big, fat, red-headed people like me," he shrugs. Madden does a good deal of shrugging. For an analyst, he is not very analytical about himself. "I've never been caught up in that stuff. If you start believing you're somebody special, you'll start acting that way, and pretty soon you'll be a phony. I'm just a guy. I don't tie my shoes, and I don't go out to fine places. If you don't tie

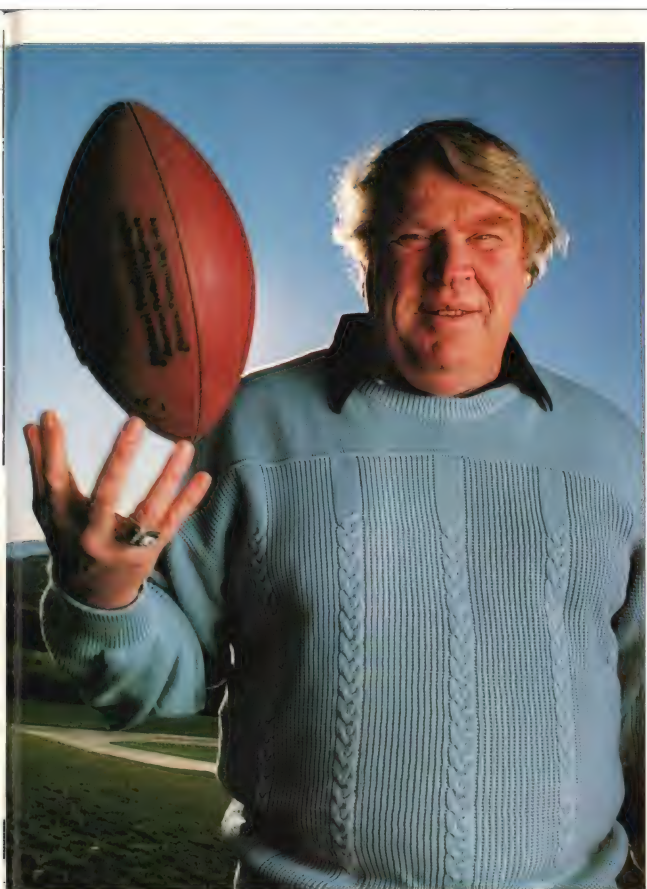
your shoes, that eliminates a hell of a lot of fine places. I don't know why any of this has happened. Probably because none of it was planned. All I'm doing is being myself."

Growing up in Daly City, near San Francisco, Madden heeded his father's advice to resist formal work as long as possible. (In fact, forever.) Earl Madden, an auto mechanic, knew from experience. "Once you take a job, that's it." In constant cahoots with his best pal at Our Lady of Perpetual Help grade school, the present Los Angeles Rams coach John Robinson, young Madden tried the pool halls and bowling alleys before settling on the caddie house as his preferred den of iniquity. There he learned about shuffling cards, pitching nickels and living life. He recalls, "I shagged balls for Ken Venturi," who would win the U.S. Open and end up a CBS commentator. Among Madden's less renowned golfing clients, all highly successful men, he could discern only one sure denominator: college.

About the fourth college Madden sampled was Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo, where, he unflinchingly tells people, he first encountered his wife of 28 years, Virginia. (Her story is that they met at a bar in Pismo Beach.) At Cal Poly, his love of football deepened. In conversation with a beach-boy down the hall, Bobby Beathard, Madden started to consider the game a sophisticated study. Beathard, an undrafted quarterback, failed a trial with the Washington Redskins in 1959 and is now their general manager. Madden, an offensive lineman, was drafted in the 21st round by the Philadelphia Eagles. The year after Madden was graduated, an airplane carrying the Cal Poly football team crashed in Ohio, killing 16 players. But he shrugs off this clue to the terror of flying that so complicates his life and schedule. "It wasn't the crash. I flew for a long while after that—not comfortably, but I flew. I just got claustrophobia."

**A**knee came undone during his first training camp with Philadelphia in 1959, and his professional playing career was finished before it began. But by a happy chance, the whirlpool room adjoined the projection room, where Eagles Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin customarily sat alone in the dark with his game films. Those who remember Van Brocklin as a hot-tempered player and coach might be surprised to hear how quietly accommodating the "Dutchman" was to a weak-kneed rookie who would never play another down but still craved more knowledge of the game. Football coaches are known too easily by their sideline demeanor, like the "Plastic Man," Tom Landry, in Dallas, or the "Ice Man," Bud Grant, in Minnesota. Vince Lombardi's sadistic way with the Green Bay Packers seemed as plain as the icicles in his jack-o'-lantern grin. Last November Earle Bruce lost the Ohio State job in some part because of the unstylish cut of his jib on the sideline. "That's all television," Madden says wearily.

His own sideline persona, once he made his coaching way from Allan Hancock junior college in Santa Maria, Calif., to San Diego State and, eventually, to the now Los Angeles Raiders, was that of a disheveled clown, grievously overweight, flapping his arms hysterically. Maybe this attracted the Miller Lite people, but something else draws his audience. Madden's two volumes of football stories—gerunds furnished by New York *Times*man Dave Anderson—are filled with gentle insights and sweet qualities of understanding. The prototype of the menacing Raiders, self-proclaimed villains of the league, was a large, mustachioed defensive end named Ben Davidson. One afternoon, in his



## Profile

first season as head coach, Madden screamed at the other end, Ike Lassiter, for garroting the quarterback during practice. "He's our quarterback, Ike," he reminded Lassiter. Two plays later, Davidson hit the quarterback. "Only two plays later!" Madden berated him afterward. "How could you do the same thing *only two plays later*?" Davidson looked at him meekly. "You got mad at Ike," he said, "and I wanted you to get mad at me."

Madden required no further illustration of how fragile the pro player truly is, but in 1978, his final season, he absorbed a terrible one. In an exhibition game at Oakland, Safety Jack Tatum, the Raiders' most notorious hitter, collided with New England Receiver Darryl Stingley, leaving Stingley permanently paralyzed. Madden donned a surgical smock to stay with Stingley in the hospital that night and opened his home to the injured man's family. But, with a shrug, Madden minimizes the accident's part in his decision to quit coaching. He prefers to repeat a wistful anecdote about how he thought his 16-year-old son was still only twelve. "It was just time to go," Madden says. "There are only about ten years of emotional and physical shocks in your locker. I said I'd never ride another airplane, and I'd never coach another football team, and I never will."

To be truthful, he sympathized almost equally with Tatum, who was renowned and then reviled for his aggressiveness. Madden is able to wince at football now and then, but he is unable to blame the sport significantly; he loves it too well. Though he had planned to loaf for at least a year after stepping down as the Raiders' coach, he succumbed to CBS's blandishments when the 1979 season came near. "Every year from the age of ten, I had a season. Through high school, college and the pros, over 30 of them. With CBS, I still had a season. I was still part of it. I thought, 'Here's the answer.'"

He took to his preparation like Van Brocklin. "Studying films, I started out thinking what I would do if I were still the coach; I've stopped that." But his fascination with strategy is unending. "Getting ready gives me an excuse to be nosy, to go out to practice and see what's going on. If I say a guy's a good player, I don't want to have read that or been told that. I want to *know* it."

Madden is able to let the audience know it too. His commentary is a whirl of windmilling arms and an exuberant bark of POW! WHAM! and ZAP! as the linemen collide. The fans have come to recognize the All-Madden players by their grimer shirts and more human qualities. They know Madden favors real grass over artificial turf and mud over dirt. From last Thanksgiving's broadcast: "That's kind of the way the game should be played. I mean—Thanksgiving Day, the fireplace, the turkey, football players out there playing in the snow. Wet, mud, stuff like that, not carpet."

In the booth, Madden has a fresh eye and a sense of mischief, but in between all the sound effects, he tells you something you didn't know. "When Reagan got shot, they had this doctor on TV, and he explained the surgical procedure with a diagram. This thing goes in here, that thing goes in there. The blood... boom, bam, I thought, 'Yeah, I get it. I understand.' You can't simplify complicated things, but you can make them understandable."

Back at Hancock J.C., before he could be appointed football coach, he had to be hired as a phys-ed teacher. And he sees himself as a teacher again. One with a master's in education, earned at Cal Poly in 1961.

"You know what I'd really like to do? Teach women football. Every woman who ever asked me about the game did it for one of three reasons: her boyfriend, her husband or her son. I'd like her to enjoy it for herself."

One of Madden's early broadcasting partners, Dick Stockton, says flatly. "Nobody else is even in his league. You know why? He sees through things." Six years ago, Madden joined Pat Summerall in the broadcast booth, and they have become an institution. Summerall, a former New York Giants place-kicker, smoothly handles the play-by-play and generously provides Professor Madden time to explain what just happened and why.

In the course of Madden's curious sojourns, amounting to more than 100,000 miles a year, he might bus from New Orleans to Dallas to Washington for three games in eight days. Though the comforts of the new \$500,000 Madden cruiser range from an outside bed and shower to a full kitchen and dinette—"plus I got all my stuff on

there," such as two televisions and a VCR—he misses the strangers on the trains he used to subsidize single-handed. "But then, a train can't veer off the track," he says. "I love the small country towns and the cafes. It's fun going to the Mexican restaurant in Van Horn, Texas. The guy's wife is the cook." Showing why he usually avoids fancy restaurants, Madden surveys the menu at one, declares, "Nothing here looks like food," and orders a cheeseburger. "On occasion, I've been over 300 lbs.," he confesses, though he is happiest when he is carrying 270 lbs. on his 6-ft. 4-in. frame. Madden is more likely to wash down his cheeseburgers with Diet Coke than with Lite beer, but he is as faith-

ful as a near teetotaler can be to the product that has forged his fame. When passersby shout out, "Tastes great!" he dutifully responds, "Less filling!" Miller Lite commercials have become a kind of folk art.

Despite the elegant address in New York and the family's place near Oakland (where he largely spends the seven-month off-season and from where two sons have sprung to Harvard and Brown), Madden feels especially at home on the road. "America is my home," he likes to say. "I look out my window, and I see Wyoming and Nebraska, and the sycamores of Indiana, and the Hudson River. That's my front yard." Like a John Steinbeck traveling without his dog Charley, Madden is turning his journey into the third (and probably last) book. "I enjoy writing them a lot more than reading them," he says. "It's like I never watch tapes of the broadcasts. I was that way as a kid. I never looked at the photographs. When people hear their voice on a tape recorder, they can't believe that's the way they really sound. I don't want to hear it. I'm not an actor."

If he were, he would have taken one of his earliest television offers and become the original bartending coach on *Cheers*. If he were, he would be the mountainous John Candy in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* (rather, make that *Trains and Buses but No Planes*), alternately waving his arms and shrugging.

—By Tom Callahan

**"THAT'S KIND OF THE WAY THE GAME SHOULD BE played. I mean—Thanksgiving Day, the fireplace, the turkey, football players out there . . . in the snow. Wet, mud, stuff like that, not carpet."**

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# People

"It's easy for me to pick up my guitar and sing," says **Ziggy Marley**, 19. "It's just like waking up in the morning and drinking tea." Of course, as the son of the late reggae great **Bob Marley**, he is merely sipping from his father's cup. Nine years ago Ziggy and his three siblings—**Sharon**, now 23, **Cedella**, 20, and **Steven**, 15—following the syncopated beat of their dad's group, the **Wailers**, formed their own band. The **Melody Makers** will release their third album, *Conscious Party*, in March, featuring Rolling Stone **Keith Richards** on guitar. With a U.S. tour planned for the spring, the Marleys say they have no interest in solo careers. "I just like the vibes now," explains Steven, who plays guitar and bongos. "It makes the music better 'cause of oneness." Adds Ziggy: "There's strength in unity." Not to mention perfect harmony, mon.

He galloped to glory in *Silverado*, bounded between rooftops in *The Untouchables* and outpaced Pentagon goons in *No Way Out*. "I generally embrace the physical parts of acting," admits **Kevin Costner**, 31, who jumped at the chance to portray a baseball catcher named **Crash Davis** in *Bull Durham*, due next summer. But Costner, who played pitcher and shortstop in high school, soon discovered that pinch hit-



Four-part family harmony: Sharon, Cedella, Ziggy and Steven Marley

ting for the movies was, well, a whole new ball game. In one scene, he fouled the first pitch onto his foot. "It hurt like hell," he confesses. The next one shattered his bat. The third he spanked over the center-field wall, but rounding second base he tripped and sprained his ankle. "You have to be like a guy like *Crash*," Costner observes. "He has a sense of humor about things." Which also describes the great K.C. at the bat.

After Manhattan police raided her uptown brothel three years ago, **Sydney Biddle Barrows**, 37, got away with a "kiss on the wrist" sentence (no jail, \$5,000 fine), a lucrative book contract and a glitzy

TV movie deal—almost enough to give prostitution a good name. But the "Mayflower Madam" may have finally run aground. Last month her former business manager sued her for \$100,000, saying Barrows had stiffed her on a consulting fee. Then Lawrence Brown, a free-lance media consultant who claims to have been Barrow's lover, filed a \$10 million suit against her for breaching an oral agreement concerning a new book she is writing for Simon & Schuster. Last week, when Barrows denied any romantic link to Brown and publicly called him a "nut," he threatened to file a libel suit against her for \$100 million. "He's a lunatic," insists the erstwhile madam. "It's like *Fatal Attraction*." Meanwhile, her legal problems show no sign of subsiding. Groans Barrows: "I've got people waiting in line to sue me."

On Wall Street, everyone wants a piece of the action. But last week at the former offices of **Ivan Boesky**, the convicted insider stock trader, some people were willing to settle for a piece of the furniture. About 100 curio hunters showed up for an auction held at the New York City headquarters of the fallen tycoon, who was sentenced last month to three years in prison. The Boesky-bilia on the block included office fans (\$25-\$30), Rubbermaid wastebaskets (\$5) and some

dehydrated plants (\$2). The centerpiece: a document-storage unit valued at \$25,000. But, alas, Boesky's stock has fallen lower than the Dow Jones index. The unit went for a measly \$750.

Since her sensational 1982 divorce blew the fronds off Palm Beach, Fla., society, **Roxanne Pultizer** has found happiness as a *Playboy* cover girl, aerobics instructor and lecturer on custody rights. Now she hopes to add best-selling author to her list of credits. This month *Pulitzer*, 36, begins a three-week publicity tour for her inside story, *The Prize Pulitzer*.

*The Scandal That Rocked Palm Beach* (Villard Books; \$17.95). The 241-page tome details the racy excursions of her six-year marriage to newspaper heir **Peter Pulitzer**, includ-



Pultizer: A new chapter?

ing sex orgies and all-night parties that ended in a "kind of cocaine-induced Twilight Zone," as she puts it. "The book was cathartic," says Pultizer. She bears no grudge against her former husband, who married his onetime masseuse. "Now I know what I did wrong," laughs Roxanne. "Or maybe I didn't do enough of it." —By Gay D. Garcia. Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York



Heavy hitter: Costner batting 1.000 in *Bull Durham*



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